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SALTUS YEAR BOOK

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———oOo———

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The Saltus Year Book, Summer 1960

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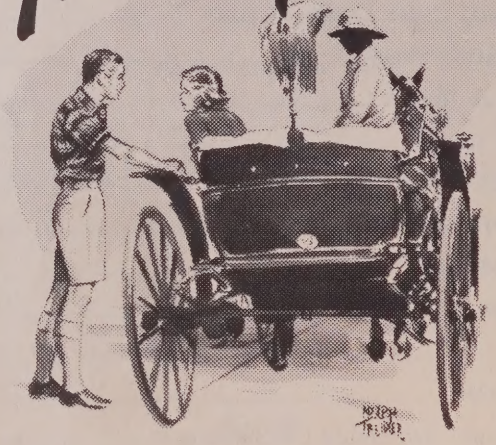

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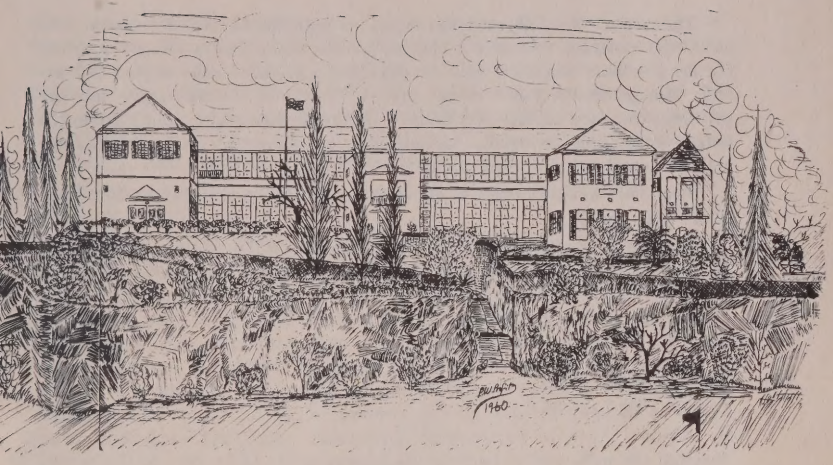


EDITORIAL

On Getting Out a Yearbook

The yearbook takes some weeks to edit, chiefly because somehow time must be found for much serious thought on a number of problems. Board meetings, inexpressibly informal, snatch moments to thrash out each annual issue.

The size of the magazine is first discussed. If, as at Saltus, there have been previous editions, it is best to use the same size of page. In this way, friends collecting a series will be able to display them neatly on a shelf. This not only looks neat, it has been said, but also reflects on the neatness of the School. Closely connected with the size of page is the number of pages to be printed, and consequently, the number of words to be submitted to the press.

The factor which will reflect most on the School is that of quality. From the broad effect of subject matter, right down to the smallest printer's error, and even the quality of paper used, the reader, we have felt, will be judging the School. Lest, overburdened with work, any one of us should — *impossible* — become slip-shod, we divide the subject matter into groups or 'Projects.' Each project has a Project Manager, to whom all matter comes from its various sources; he sends it out to be checked and proof-read.

Yet before too much copy is thus processed, boundaries must be set! Most good things in this World cost money, and a Year Book is no exception.

There are, we find, several ways of subsidising a Year Book. An easy way perhaps to pay for the magazine would be to charge a small fee for it. This however, has the disadvantage that if the copies did not sell, money would have to be raised from elsewhere to pay for the printing; because of this, we think it is best to have the money collected before copy goes to press, so that one can take out or insert various articles, until the cost just balances the funds available.

There are several ways of doing this: We sell advertising. You ask: Who are 'we'?

The Editor, seldom seen, is in command of the whole organisation. He is chiefly a force, usually fulminating, that prods and goads his fellow workers to ensure they are doing their best with the least waste of time. All matter which individuals submit should come first into his hands. When he has a fair amount of copy, he calls a meeting, and each piece is discussed. A final vote taken, the result of the vote is marked on the copy. It is then given to Miscellaneous Manager. Another job for the Editor is to keep an eye on the number of words which pass through his hands. This is particularly important when the copy has been 'through the mill' and is back in his folder, ready to be sent to the press.

Advertising Manager submits to the footslogging collectors a list of prospective advertisers, and keeps accounts. He informs the Editor of the number of pages able to be printed with the funds available.

Head Project Manager collects all copy from Sub-Project Managers. Their names are legion.

School Material Manager handles all reports of School activities and achievements. Miscellaneous Manager collects the various matter from the Editor to be proof-read for any serious grammar mistakes. Project "———" Manager is in charge of a book review or book precis. He must standardise the styles of each section (which are written sometimes, by different boys), making sure each follows smoothly from the next.

Illustrations Manager, on receiving copy from any of the above departments, takes it to one of his 'army of illustrators' and tells him what he wants drawn. He takes care also, of photographs to be printed.

Finally we have the Proof-Readers: These busy bees pick out spelling mistakes, errors of grammar and fact, and make any changes they feel necessary.

Let us trace the path of a single piece of copy. It is section Five of a long article, and there are two versions, each written by a different boy. The Editor, at his meeting, has discussed the merits of each. By this time it has been decided that the opening sentence of "A" and the closing sentence of "B", are preferred. The general style of each specimen varies. Now with scissors and paste, he makes a blend of the appropriate sentences. Miscellaneous Manager then picks out any serious grammar mistakes and quickly passes it on to Illustrations Manager. He goes to an available illustrator and asks him to draw a

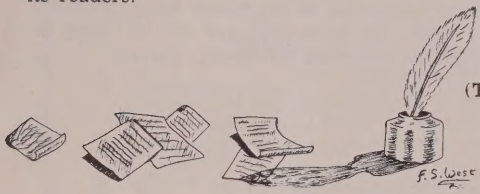
picture in black indian ink on pure white paper. Next day, he collects the copy and illustration, clips them together, and gives them to Project Manager. Here they are joined by other sections and illustrations, until the complete project is assembled. This is put in an envelope, with the appropriate title page and given to Head Project Manager. He hands it to Proof-Readers, who apply the finishing touches and hand it back to the Editor, who sends it to the Press.

With galley-proof reading in the midst of examinations, let us not trouble the gentle reader. . . .

Change follows change, illustrations 'home' on parent articles, one operation yields to another until, almost as a surprise to the assemblers, another Year Book appears without fanfare, to entertain and inform its readers.

H.B.H.

for Editorial Board
(The Upper Sixth Form)



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JOHN BARRITT & SON

Mrs. T. N. Dill

Regretfully we must announce the resignation effective since April 5th of the Secretary-Treasurer of the School, Mrs. T. N. Dill.

For the past nine years Mrs. Dill has filled this post with efficiency and tact. She conscientiously performed the duties of this office, while her equanimity and good spirits were often a tonic to those with whom she worked. We extend to her our heartiest good wishes for the future.

"John"

We were extremely sorry on March 31st to say "good-bye' officially to our caretakers, Mr. and Mrs. John Pimental. During the past eleven and a half years these faithful employees of the School have given unstintingly of their time and ecort. We trust that they will be happy in their new life in the United States, and wish them every success.

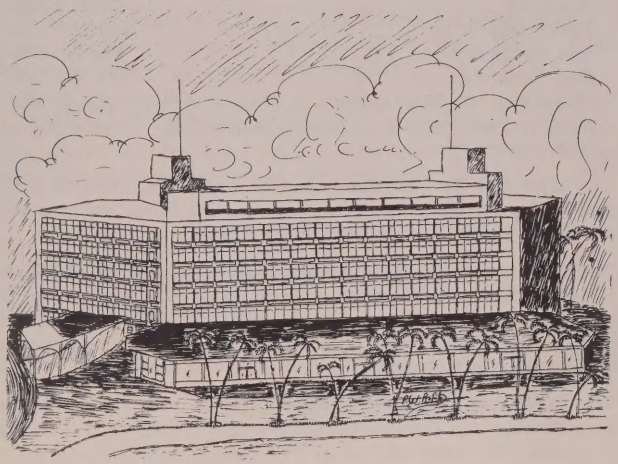
Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Maddern

A the beginning of the Easter Term the School was pleased to welcome Mr. Carey Maddern, of Cornwall, in Great Britain. He has taken up the duties of Form Master of the Lower Third Form, and is in charge of Art. He has shown himself already to be an able and popular addition to our staff.

Shortly after his arrival he announced to us that his fiancee, Miss Mitchell, would also be coming to Bermuda.

It was a great pleasure, therefore, to many of us, to attend the wedding, which was held on Thursday, April 14th, 1960, at the Central Methodist Church in Shelly Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Maddern have taken up residence in an apartment adjacent to the Headmaster's house.



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SALTUS OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

(Election of Officers for 1960)

At the Annual General Meeting of the Saltus Old Boys' Association, held at the Elbow Beach Surf Club on February 1st, 1960, the following Officers and Committee of Management were elected:

President ..... D. Colin Selley
Vice-President ..... Charles Collis
Hon. Secretary ..... William Cox
Hon. Treasurer ..... J. Henry Masters
Committee of Management: Chester Butterfield, Archie Hooper, Paul Leseur, I. Stuart Outerbridge, Vivian Siddle, Llew Vorley.

The objects of the Association are to create and foster a corporate interest in the affairs of the School among Old Boys, and generally to further the well being and prestige of the School.

The membership of the Association presently stands at 160, an all time high. There are, however, a great many old boys of the School who are not members. Our active membership committee of Bill Cox and Henry Masters have succeeded through the media of bankers' orders to greatly simplify the annual task of collecting dues.

The Association sponsors three main events each year. The Annual General Meeting and Dinner, the Founder's Day Luncheon, and the Old Boys' Dance. The very nature of these events limits them as major fund raisers, but more important they are occasions when Old Boys get together socially and can be brought into contact with the work of the School and the Association.

For a number of years the School has had an Endowment Fund. Unfortunately, contributions have not been sufficiently large to make much difference to the School's income. Those of you who have attended Schools and Colleges in the United States and Canada know how important endowment is to ensure future growth and security at these institutions of learning — the same is certainly true at Saltus.

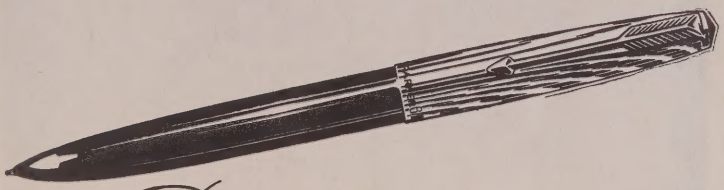
In the very near future you will be hearing of plans for a badly needed Junior School. Conservative estimates for construction place the cost at over £30,000. This project is not only the responsibility of the Trustees, but of every old boy. Specific projects, such as the new gymnasium and "Westward-Ho" have always been more popular and easier to raise money for than long-range ones such as the Endowment Fund. When plans are more concrete you will be advised of what your Association's part in the project will be.

The present Committee is most aware of the demands of the future. "The Winds of Change are blowing." As Harry Cox said in his Founder's Day address, "A whole new realm of ideas, of terms, of horizons, has suddenly become a fact. All our values are repudiated, or about to be." The School Activities Committee of the Association has tried to increase the extra-curricular visitations of the boys to various business houses and public utility plants.

In an endeavour to keep in close contact with the Masters of the School, we have continued the practice of term lunches with your Committee, which have been most beneficial.

During the past year a number of distinguished Old Boys of Saltus have passed on. Special mention should be made of the late Sir Eldon Trimingham who for many years served the School as a Trustee. He was a son of whom Saltus and Bermuda could be proud.

D.C.S.



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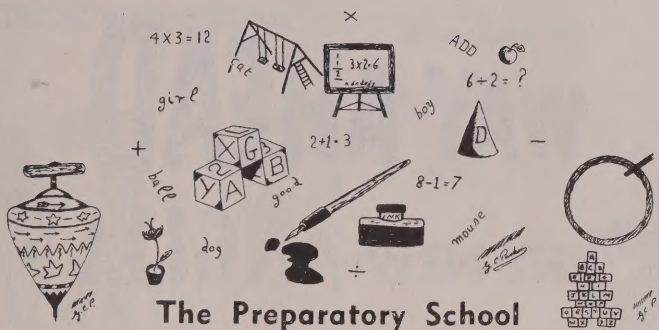

The Preparatory School

On September 21st, 1959, the new Preparatory Department was opened at Woodlands School, in Mount Hill Road. The closing of Miss Pitt's school had left a number of boys without any school and we started with thirty-seven boys aged between five and eight years, divided into two classes. Each class had to be sub-divided into several groups since the boys, coming from seven different schools, were all at different stages; from eleven who were completely new to nine 'seniors' who had to be prepared for the main school entrance examination in the short space of ten weeks.

The boys were full of enthusiasm and ideas, and very soon there was a feeling of unity, the beginning of a school spirit. The gift of a football by an interested parent helped to foster the feeling that this was "not kindergarten, but a proper boys' school" and soon the over-sixes were taking the game (with our own Association rules!) seriously.

In December the top group, ably coached by Miss Kay Rideout, sat the Junior School entrance exam, and were much relieved to learn that they had all been accepted. For the rest of the term we were able to relax a little, and to prepare a short Christmas entertainment which was well received by a large audience of parents.

Our nine senior boys moved up to the Junior School in January We took in twelve new five-year olds and a number of older boys, increasing numbers to forty-eight. Miss Rideout also moved to the Junior School and was replaced by Miss Jean Rhodes, from England. The gift of a see-saw and swings by Mr. Rowe Spurling was received with delight: both pieces of equipment are in constant use on fine days.

The waiting list is growing rapidly. In September we plan to open a third class so that we can admit a new group of five-year olds. In our present building this will make for cramped conditions (we shall have to divide one of the existing rooms) but we think it worth the inconvenience and hope that before too long work will begin on a new building which will have all the facilities which we lack at present M.V.E.

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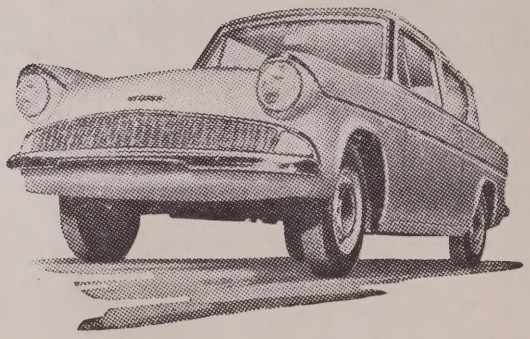

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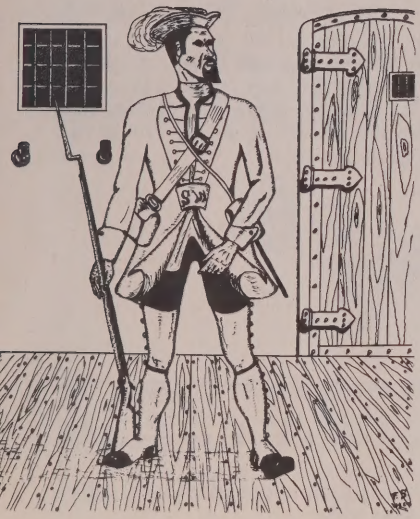
The Annual Cadet Camp July 1959



The Annual Cadet Camp began on July 5th and lasted until July 15th. Ten wonderful, memorable days.

This year's camp could really have been called a "Recruits' Camp," for the majority of the members present were coming to Warwick Camp in Uniform for the first time.

Every Cadet was present at noon of the 5th, and very soon each Platoon was allocated its Barrack room, and the boys started to get things into an Army-like shape, i.e., kits and beds in line, beds made up in regular pattern, etc.

Issue of kits and weapons took place between 14.00 hours and 16.30 hours, this was followed by the Commandant's welcome address to all members of "A" Company Cadet Corps.

At 17.00 hours the N.C.O.s and Officers had their first of a series of daily conferences with the Adjutant, at these conferences the Orders for the following day were drawn up.

The usual "First night" passed as well as could be expected.

The Cadets rose at 5.45 a.m. (with the greatest of reluctance) and started to clean up the camp in preparation for the C.O.'s daily inspection at 8.30 a.m.

This actually meant that the Camp had to be ready for inspection at 7.00 a.m., for the whole Company had to be on parade at 7.00 a.m. for P.T.

After the C.O.'s inspection the Camp's schedule started to function like a well oiled machine.

Monday morning was spent on Lessons one and two of the Rifle, Aiming, Firing and cleaning, whilst the afternoon was taken up by actual firing, and the range resounded to the sound of firing, even though this was just practice shooting, to enable the recruits to get the feel of the rifle and overcome the anticipation of discharge.

The "Finale" of the days' work was of course the "Mounting of the Guard" by the Duty Platoon.

Tuesday morning was taken up practising loading and the unloading and aiming on the Bren Gun.

The Rifle Classification Course was fired in the afternoon at which some potential marksmen showed their form.

Wednesday morning the boys got instruction in the correct method of handling the Sten and Sterling sub-machine guns.

During the afternoon half of the Company fired their Bren Classification Course, and due to the lengthy course the other half fired their course on Thursday morning.

Thursday afternoon brought heavy rain, which of course washed out our Annual Visitors' day, with its Father and Son competition, the eagerly looked for Guard Mount Competition, and other activities.

All Cadets were given leave of absence for that afternoon, but they had to report back at Camp by 23-59 or one minute to midnight, this proved quite a novelty and was enjoyed by all, and there were no late arrivals.

The Father and Son shoot was cancelled, but the Guard Mounting Competition was postponed until Friday night.

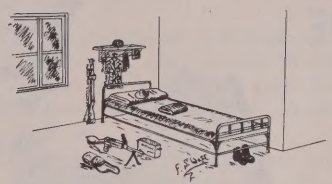
On Friday the Cadet Corps were taken on a tour of the U.S. Army base at Kindley Field, and arrived back in camp in time to have supper after which the Guard Mounting Competition was held in a fading light.

Due to the fact that some of the Cadets had not yet fired their rifle course this was completed on Saturday morning.

In the afternoon preparations were made and a rehearsal was held for the Saturday nights' display, and the success of the evening's show demonstrated the hard work that was put into the preparations, for which the organisers are to be congratulated.

One of the highlights of the evening was the appearance of the "Lone Piper" atop the battery, and the whole evening was applauded by the many parents and friends who witnessed the many displays.

Sunday morning, bright and early, there was a drill parade, this was followed by kit cleaning etc.



At 10.15 a.m. "A" Company Bermuda Cadet Corps, with their Pipe and Drum band marched off to St. Anne's Church in Southampton where the Rev. Matthews-Payne gave an inspiring sermon.

The Lessons were read by Bandsman Hallet and Captain W. J. B. Annear, Adjutant Local Forces.

Sunday afternoon we all enjoyed a relaxing afternoon on the beautiful beach at Warwick.

Of course the highlight of the camp as far as the respective Platoons were concerned was the Assault Course, this was the proving ground for fitness and Markmanship, and on a close finish Warwick Academy beat Saltus by a very narrow margin.

Tuesday was spent on the 30 yards range, here the Cadets got experience firing the Rifle, and Sten and Sterling sub-machine guns, and it must be noted that they were very adept on the latter two guns, that is the sub-machine guns.

Wednesday morning, the final morning, was spent cleaning up the Camp, handing in equipment.

This was followed by the presentation of Cups and Badges. This was the first time that prizes had been presented on the last day of Camp and the boys felt that the usual Saturday night presentations that we had in the past few years were much more appropriate.

After ten days at camp, and of course good weather, I am sure than many of the boys arrived home with a more favourable impression of Camp life and the Corps in General D. J. SAUL (C.S.M.)

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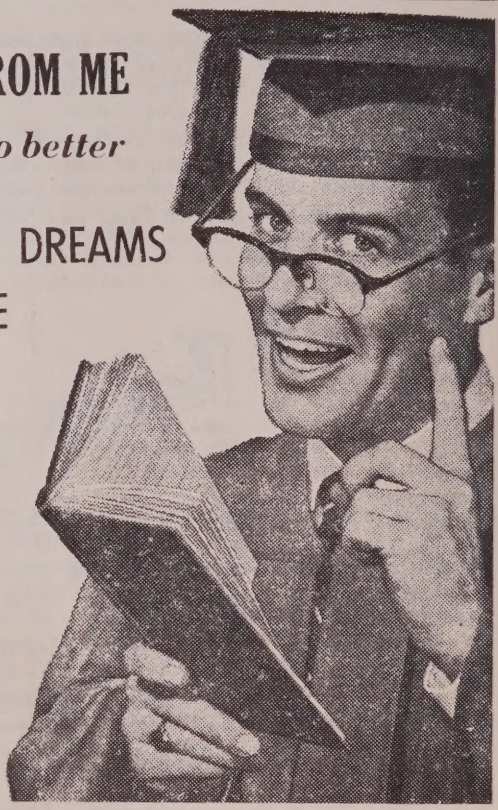

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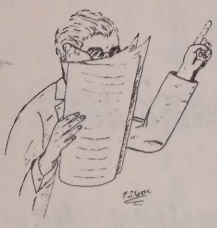

The Debating Society

The Society has met regularly during the Christmas and Easter terms.

That the Society has continued to flourish is, in a large measure, due to the loyal support of a small number of members of the Upper Sixth Form; if similar loyal support were forthcoming from the Sixth Form, the future success of this important extra-curricular activity would be assured.

The standard of speaking continues to improve; the Visitors' Debate, in which members of the Saltus Old Boys Association as usual took part, was notable for some excellent contributions from members of the school.

A summary of the year's debates is given below.

October 8th. Poetry is the useless product of useless people. Proposer: Couchman. Opposer: Hallett. Third: Mills. Fourth: Gillan. The motion was rejected.

December 3rd. Bermuda Public Transport can and should be renovated. Proposer: Mills. Opposer: Brewer. Third: Gillan. Fourth Muggleton. The motion was rejected.

January 21st. This house believes that television and cinema programmes are significant factors in the production of juvenile delinquents. Proposer: Shean. Opposer: Hallett. Third: Mills. Fourth: Brewer. The motion was rejected.

March 3rd. This house favours co-education. Proposer: Brewer. Opposer: Mair. Third: Hallett. Fourth: Mills. The motion was approved.

March 17th. The minimum age at which a person should be eligible to hold a licence to drive a single-geared auxiliary cycle should be reduced to fourteen. Proposer: Mills. Opposer: Hallett. Third: Mair. Fourth: Brewer. The motion was rejected.

March 31st. Income Tax would be favourable for Bermuda. Proposer: Mr. J. Talbot. Opposer: Mr. H. Cox. Third: Brewer. Fourth: Hallett. The motion was rejected.

Officers: President, J. C. Lester. Secretary, H. B. Hallett. Committee, Hallett, Mills, Brewer, Mair.

J.C.L.

Few men in their lifetime come anywhere near exhausting the resources dwelling within them. There are deep wells of strength that are never used.

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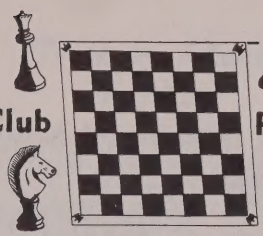


Chess Club Report 1960

This year we are indeed very grateful to Mr. Walton for his support and encouragement during the past two terms.

The Committee met early in Easter Term and voted to run a School Championship Tournament to be played on a knockout basis. Details were drawn up and twenty-four club members entered. Over the past few weeks the tournament has been playing during lunch hours, and is now nearly complete. The result so far is as follows:

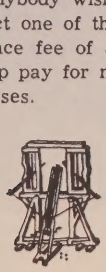
Six semi-finalists played off leaving the three finalists, Watters, Towle and Brewer. They then battled it out, Towle emerging victorious. It now remains for Watters and Brewer to decide second place.

It is hoped that in the near future an Inter-House Chess Tournament will be put under way to determine the best chess playing House in the School as opposed to individual champion.

It has been whispered abroad that an Inter-School Tournament between Saltus and Warwick (and perhaps Whitney), is in the offing. Details have yet to be arranged, but we hope that any difficulties which may arise will be soon ironed out and the tournament inaugurated.

During the past three terms since the last Year Book, old members have left and new ones have joined — ten new members in all — so that our membership roll stands at 32. (Each member will receive two optimes this term, and those who played in the tournament will receive additional optimes according to the number of rounds played and won.)

Anybody wishing to join the Chess Club at any time is invited to contact one of the Chess Club committee members. There is a small entrance fee of 5/- for life membership in the Club, this is designed to help pay for new boards and chess sets as the number of members increases.



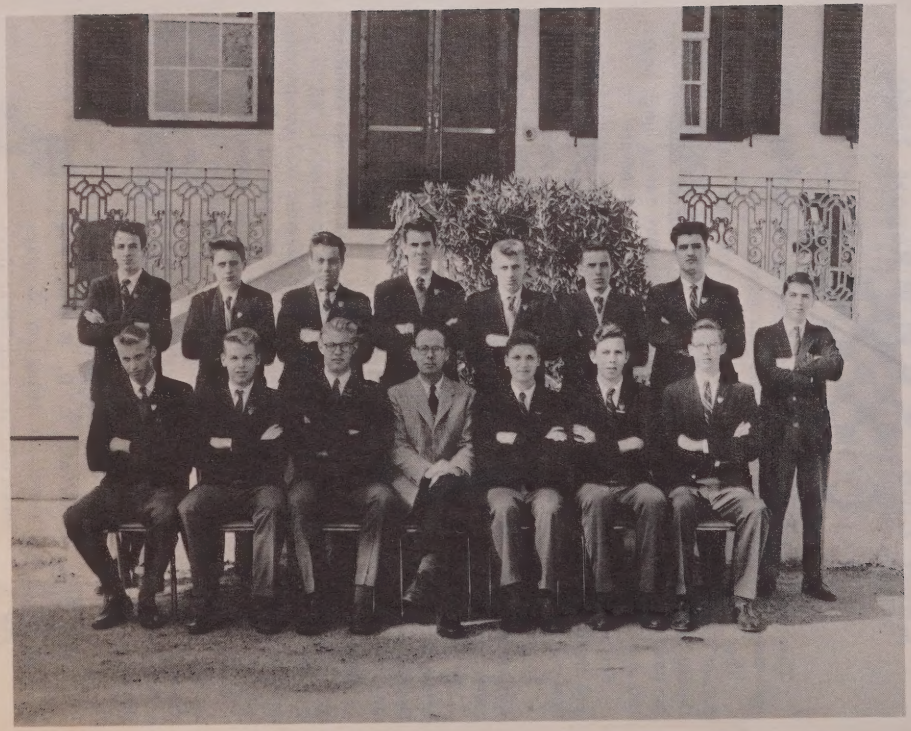
THE COMMITTEE MEMBERS

President: E. O. Walton, Esq.

Brewer officiating on Mondays
Shean officiating on Wednesdays
Frith officiating on Thursdays
Towle officiating on Fridays

Chess is played in 5S Form Room every lunch hour except Tuesdays.

M.B.



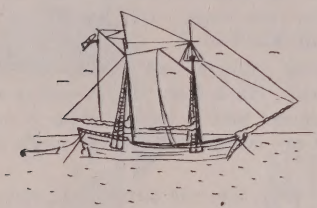
Prefects — 1960

Treasure Island

By R.L.S.

Retold by the Sixth Form

Illustrations by A. Bush



Having been asked by Squire Trelaway, Doctor Livesey, and the rest, I take up my pen, and go back to the time when my father kept the Admiral Benbow Inn, and the brown old seaman, with the sabre cut, first took up his lodgings.

The first time I saw him he was plodding down the coastal road with his sea-chest on a wheelbarrow. He knocked at the door and roughly enquired if we enjoyed much business. The answer being negative, he immediately threw down several coins and told my father to let him know when that rent was finished.

Captain Billy Bones was a very silent man by custom, hanging around the cove and on the cliff tops, with his spyglass. At night he was a different man altogether, making us join in his songs such as "Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest . . ." and making us listen to his grim and bloody tales of seafaring and buccaneering.

At first we thought he would drive our guests away, but although they feared him they still came back for more stories. The only way he caused us any difficulties, was that he wouldn't pay any rent.

Then one day he took me aside, and said: "Keep a weather eye open for a seafaring man with one leg, and let me know the moment he appears." He seemed afraid and nervous when occasional sailors stopped by — and used to spy on them.

Billy Bones fell sick one dark day in January, and Doctor Livesey came to see him late in the afternoon. He had some dinner from my mother, and then went in to see the wretched patient.

"Now, mind you," said the doctor, after sternly scrutinising the man, "the name of rum is death to you."

With that he left, with a clear conscience, and Captain Billy Bones was under sentence to die.

M.D.H./G.R.

About noon one day I came to Billy Bones' door with medicines and drink, and found him in the same spot.

"Did the doctor say how long I am to lie here?" said he.

"About a week."

"A week!" he cried. "They'll have the Black Spot on me by then. But I'll fool 'em." He sat up, and murmured. "The doctor's done me. My ears are singing. Lay me back." But he fell into his former place before I could help him.

At last he gathered strength, and warned me of the man with one leg, and a man named "Black Dog," because they would bring me the Black Spot. I tried to get him to explain that to me, but he wouldn't. The sudden death of my father that evening made me forget about the Captain, however.

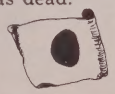
Then a day or so after, late one bitter foggy afternoon, I saw a blind man approaching me. He raised his head and addressed the air in front of him.

"Will any kind person tell me where I happen to be?"

When I answered his question, he seized my hand and ordered me in a cruel voice to take him to the Captain. I was forced to obey, and we went in together to the dim room in which the Captain grimly sat.

In a chilling fearful silence, something passed from the visitor's hand into the Captain's, and in a moment the blind man was gone, skipping nimbly down the road.

When he had left, the Captain stood up, looked into his hand, gasped "The Black Spot!" and with a strange cry clutching at his throat, fell to the floor. My mother and I immediately sent for Doctor Livesey, but it was too late. Billy Bones was dead.



And now, fearing attack from his enemies, as if they were our own, my mother and I locked ourselves in the inn. There lay the Black Spot still in the Captain's hand, but disregarding it my mother opened the Captain's trunk to get the money he owed us, and then, with a start

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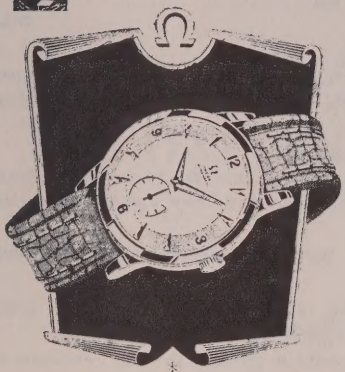

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of fear I heard the blind man's cane tap-tap-tapping along the road toward us. My mother snatched up an oilskin packet, and both of us ran out of the inn. We were not a moment too soon, for I could now hear through the gathering darkness footsteps, many of them, running nearer. Hastening away my mother and I concealed ourselves under a low bridge, just within earshot of the inn.

N.B.

I had just hidden when seven or eight ruffians arrived running hard. Three ran together, and in the middle was the blind man whom I recognised by his voice.

"Down with the door!" he cried.

Their feet rattled up the stairs so hard that the very house shook. The captain's window was slammed open and they called out to the blind beggar on the road.

"Pew!" one cried, "they have been here before us and the chest has been turned out."

"Is it there?" On receiving the reply that the money was gone, he cursed the money and said, "Flint's Fist, I mean."

Busy fingers scratched and scrambled through the sad remnants of Billy Bones' estate.

* * *

"Curses! It ain't there."

"It's that boy, I'll swear it is!" screamed Pew. "I should have put his eyes out!"

Back out on the road, one of the men murmured something about keeping the doubloons anyway. At this Pew became angry and struck at them with his stick.

At the sound of approaching riders the buccaneers scattered in every direction. Pew turned and ran into a ditch but was on his feet in an instant and ran under the approaching horses' hooves. He collapsed and moved no more.

I hailed the riders. They were revenue officers, and had been sent for our protection. To them we owed our lives. We had little else left. The marauders had taken little, but our house was smashed. We were ruined.

Mr. Dance, the officer in charge, wondered if they had been after more money. To this I replied that it seemed to me they were after the package which I now had concealed in my breast pocket.

We decided to consult Doctor Livesey but he wasn't home, so we went to seek him at the Squire's house, where he was a guest. They were alarmed, interested, and excited by turns. I was asked to stay

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the night, and after supper we opened the package. Inside was a map of an island with complete bearings and information for finding Flint's treasure.

"Capital, capital, Livesey!" roared the Squire, slapping his thigh so hard I thought it would splinter, "It's Treasure Island for us, eh, Jim? Hurrah!"

He certainly did not share the glance of misgiving that flashed between the Doctor and me.

Well, we were to sail in ten days with the Squire as admiral, Livesey as doctor, and myself as ship's boy. With us would be Redruth, Joyce and Hunter. It was agreed we would keep our voyage a secret as the men who wrecked our house were desperate.

J.G.

Waiting seemed endless. The doctor needed someone to take charge of his practice and the Squire was working in Bristol. I was living at the Hall with Redruth.

Weeks passed when a letter arrived addressed to the Doctor with the addition. "To be opened in case of absence by Hawkins or Redruth."

The letter was from Trelawney. He had found a ship, "Hispaniola." Trelawney said, "I had a bit of trouble finding a crew until I found Long John Silver. He supplied one in a twinkle. He is a first-rate fellow!"

The next day Redruth and I went to the Admiral Benbow and saw my mother. The following day after dinner, we left for Bristol.

At Bristol we met the Squire who told us, "We are sailing tomorrow." I looked out in wonder at the forest of criss-crossed masts, and dreamed for a moment of impossible adventures.

Next morning the Squire gave me a letter to take to Long John, residing at the Spy Glass Inn. This I did, and while there, I recognised one of the ruffians who had wrecked the Admiral Benbow Inn. Long John had this man chased, but alas, the chase was futile.

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"If you so much as clap an eye on that blackguardly dog again, Jim," says Long John to me, laying a fist like a rock on my shoulder, "you tell Old Silver and I'll brain him with my crutch." And so saying, he swung it about him with a ferocity that made me blink. In a moment he was calm and all smiles again, and turned to the letter, calling him to report at once aboard the "Hispaniola."

On the way back to the Squire, Long John explained to me the different kind of ships, which were tied alongside the quay. I must say I found him a most enjoyable fellow.

B.G.

* * *

After reaching the "Hispaniola," which lay some way out, we climbed aboard and were met by Mr. Arrow, first mate, and the captain, a sharp-looking man who seemed angry at everyone on board.

The captain then told the squire that he didn't like the cruise, the men or his officers. He also claimed that everyone knew more about the voyage than he did and that Mr. Arrow was too free with the crew.

Meanwhile the powder and arms were being put in the forehold and the men were "yo-ho-ing" at their work while the captain superintended them. All that night we stowed everything away.

At sunrise the crew began to man the capstan bars and Long John broke out with the air:

"Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest." And the crew sang back: "Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

It put me in mind of the captain at the Admiral Benbow chanting the same thing.

Mr. Arrow turned out to be even worse than the captain had said because he seemed drunk and one night he disappeared. Job Anderson took his place along with the help of Israel Hands.

Everyone on board respected Long John, who was our cook. He kept the galley clean as a whistle and was always telling yarns to me. One day Cap'n Flint, his parrot, was his subject. He told me how old he was and where he had been during those years.

We had some heavy weather but everyone on board was contented.

On the last night of our voyage I went to get an apple and must have fallen asleep in the apple barrel . . . The voice of Long John Silver startled me. He wasn't addressing me, but the words that he spoke struck terror into my heart . . . R.B.L.

* * *

"Aye, me lad, it's true, I've sailed with England and Flint." Silver was telling Dick, the youngest hand on board, who was listening attentively. "Flint was cap'n when I lost me leg, and it was with the same broadside that Pew lost his deadlights. Aye, men of fortune lives rough

and the risks swinging, but after a cruise is done they have hundreds of pounds in their pockets, not hundreds of farthings. After this cruise I'm going to be a gentleman in earnest. I have a way with me, I have. Why, there were some that feared Pew and some Flint, but Flint his own self was feared of me. You may be sure of yourself in old John's ship."

"I didn't half-a-quarter like the job 'til I had this talk; here's my hand on it now," Dick explained.

Suddenly, as I lay frozen with terror in the apple barrel, I realised what was happening. Silver had turned "pirate" and I had just overheard the last act in the corruption of one of the honest hands, possibly the last.

"Dick's square," Silver told Israel Hands, who had just appeared. "Don't get anxious Israel, we'll wait until the squire and doctor find the stuff and help 'em get it aboard, then we'll do away with 'em."

From what they said when Dick had left, I gathered there were still a few honest men on board, how many I couldn't tell.

Soon after Dick had left came the strident call, "land ho!" and in the excitement to my inexpressible relief I managed to get out of the barrel without being noticed.

After Long John had told the captain of a place of anchorage on the other side of the island, I told the captain I had urgent news for him. Fifteen minutes later I related what I had heard in the apple barrel to the captain, doctor and squire. The odds were nineteen to seven for the pirates. I was to keep the captain informed of anything new which I heard. **E.R.T.**

Next morning we anchored between the mainland and Skeleton Island. Mutiny was in the air, but all the same the captain let some men go ashore for the afternoon leave, intending to fire a shot before sundown to recall them to the ship.

Silver, thirteen crew and I took two gigs leaving six crew on board. On reaching the beach, I made a dash for the thicket, paying no heed to Silver's "Jim, Jim," a hundred yards behind. I ran and ran until in a larger thicket I heard Silver trying to win over Sam to the mutinous side. Then there was, far away, a cry of anger — another — and then a long drawn-out scream.

"Scared," Sam asked, "In heaven's name tell me what was that?"

"That," said Silver, unflinching, smiling, after the scream had died away.

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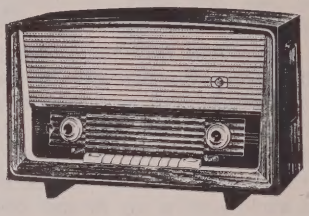

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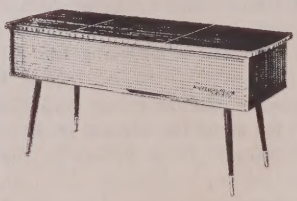

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"That I reckon'll be Alan." With that, Sam walked towards the beach, "You've killed Alan, have you? Now kill me if you can," he was saying. Then Silver threw his crutch hitting Sam point foremost between the shoulders, and agile as a monkey, was on him and finished him off with his knife.

I ran with all my might thinking I would die by starvation or by being murdered, when, with thumping heart, I ran into a shaggy, shambling thing, half man, half beast — it was Ben Gunn, marooned three years ago by Silver.

"Wh', Who are you?" I asked.

"Ben Gunn," he answered, "I'm poor Ben Gunn, I am, and I haven't spoke with a Christian these three years."

Just then the fighting started: we ran until from a little rise we saw, about a quarter of a mile in front of us the Union Jack fluttering in the wind.

A.D.F.

But I am anticipating events. Doctor Livesey has kindly consented to fill in the narrative, knowing — for he was there — exactly what took place.

* * *

When young Hawkins left the Hispaniola, it was about half past one in the afternoon. The rest of us talked matters over in the captain's cabin and if it had not been for the wind we would have attacked the six mutineers left aboard with us.

Hunter told us that Jim Hawkins had slipped ashore on one of the gigs and so we decided that Hunter and I go ashore.

On landing we went inland and came across a stockade which surrounded a spring which rose almost to the knoll. On the knoll was a stout log-house which could hold about forty persons if necessary. Surrounding the log-house was a space and then a paling about six feet high.

Suddenly there was a loud inhuman cry which made us get back to the ship in a hurry.

When we got back to the ship everyone was shaken, as was natural.

"There's a man," said Captain Smollett nodding towards him, "new to this work. Another touch of the rudder, and that man would have joined us." And he snorted his annoyance.

I had a plan which I told the captain. Hunter brought the boat around under the stern where Joyce and I started loading it with powder,

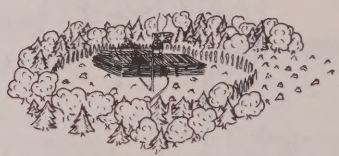
muskets, bags of biscuits and other food.

Gray joined us and we started for shore.

The mutineers meanwhile, were priming the cannon and on seeing us pulling for shore, fired at us. Captain Smollett told Mr. Trelawny to shoot at the mutineers on the ship. He did so and killed one with his first shot.

On landing we managed to get to the stockade with only one casualty, Tom Redruth. We said a prayer for him and left him.

The captain, meanwhile, had hoisted the Union Jack on a tall fir-tree.



All through the evening, ball after ball flew over and fell short of the stockade, but the captain was calm and began to write in his log the events of the day.

Suddenly, answering a knock at the door Jim Hawkins appeared . . .

G.C.P.

* * *

Well, to resume my own account: When Ben Gunn and I saw the flag, we stopped. Ben told me the men with the flag were my friends. Ben told me to go back to the stockade, and added: "If anybody wants me, I will be where we met today. Tell whoever comes to come alone, and with a flag of truce. Tell him I have reasons."

Ben then asked me what I would say if I was caught by the pirates.

Before I could tell him, a cannon-ball whizzed through the trees near us so we ran for shelter.

For the rest of the day I went from one hideout to another but when I went down to the shore I saw the pirate's flag.

It was dark when I went back to the stockade through the woods. After I told the doctor what had happened I went straight off to sleep. Waking up the next morning I heard Captain Smollett and Long John Silver talking. Long John had come with a flag of truce to speak of terms. John wanted Captain Smollett to give up and surrender, while Captain Smollett wanted John to do the same. John left when he saw that Captain Smollett would not give in. John had come because someone had killed one of his men while they were asleep — Ben Gunn had done it.

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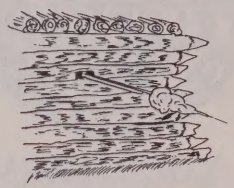
After Long John's visit we waited for the attack by the pirates. In the afternoon the pirates rushed the stockade, and four of them got over the fence. The fight went on with hand-guns and cutlasses (fast and furious), but at last the pirates were pushed out, and fled roaring curses into the woods. **S.P.C.**



They did not return. Out of the eight men who had fallen only three, Hunter, Captain Smollett and the man who had been shot at the loophole, were alive. The mutineers died a short time later by the doctor's knife and Hunter never regained consciousness.

After dinner he put on his hat, armed himself and then set out briskly through the trees. Gray and I were sitting at the end of the block-house.

"Why! In the name of Davy Jones," said he, "is Doctor Livesey mad?"

"No," says I. "I think he's going to see Ben Gunn."

I was strangely jealous of the doctor, and after arming myself, I escaped to find Ben Gunn's boat.

I went straight to the island's east coast. There, in the anchorage under the lee, lay the Hispaniola with the Jolly Roger hanging from her peak. In a hollow in the cliff I found a small tent, and, lifting the side, I saw Ben Gunn's small coracle. I put it in the water and going with the current, soon reached the Hispaniola.

After waiting for the wind to blow so that the hawser would slacken, I cut her free. For some reason I grabbed a small rope and climbed up it. Through the porthole I saw the coxswain, Israel Hands and another man drunk, and locked in mortal conflict.

I dropped back into the coracle and laid down as the current swept me swiftly along. Soon I fell asleep and did not awake until it was broad daylight.

Rounding the Cape of the Woods I saw, to my surprise, the Hispaniola drifting. Clearly she was without anyone at the wheel and I made up my mind to board her and return her to the captain.

Swinging aboard, I heard the coracle hit the side of the ship and saw it go down. There was no going back now.

G.M.T.

I had scarcely taken up a position on the bowsprit when the flying gib flapped and filled on the other tack with a report like a gun. The schooner trembled and I went flying headlong onto the deck.

There were two watchmen; Red Cap lying as stiff as a board and Israel Hands propped against the bulwarks with his chin on his chest. Hands turned partly around and uttered a low moan.

"Come aboard," I said.

He rolled his eyes and uttered the word "brandy." I slipped aft, and among some confusion, I found a bottle of brandy still containing some liquid inside.

He drank a considerable amount then said: "Aye, by thunder, but I wanted some of that."

"Much hurt?" I asked.

"If the doctor was aboard," said he, "I'd be right enough in a couple of turns. As for that swab, he's good and dead he is. He wasn't any seaman anyhow; and where might you have come from?"

"Well," said I, "I've come aboard to take possession of this ship, Mr. Hands, and please regard me as your captain."

He regarded me sourly enough but said nothing. I then proceeded to take down the "Jolly Roger."

He watched me slyly then said: "I reckon, Cap'n Hawkins, you'll want to get ashore now, suppose we talk."

I agreed, and he proceeded.

"This man you see lying here dead, him and I were both sailing this ship before 'this.' Now I can see by looking at you that you can't sail this ship by yourself. Now you give me food and drink and I'll help you.

"I'll tell you one thing," says I, "I'm not going back to Captain Kidd's anchorage. I mean to get to the North Inlet and beach her quietly there."

We struck our bargain on the spot and in three minutes we were

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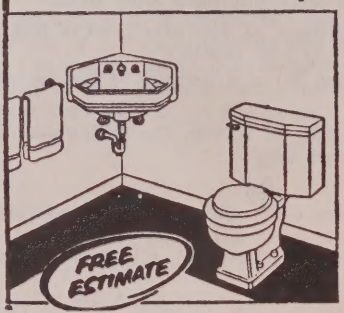

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under sail. Hands picked up greatly after a little more brandy. We were soon moving quickly past the inlets with a fair breeze behind us.

J.H.M.

The coxswain and I sat down to dinner.

"Cap'n," he said at last, "this brandy is too strong, could you get me some wine?"

I knew the coxswain was up to something, but what, I could not tell. I went away, but instead of getting the wine I climbed up the forecastle ladder from which I saw him pick up a dirty coil of rope and a long bloodstained knife and, after concealing these, he crawled back into his original position. I stole into the cabin, found the wine and appeared on deck.

Hands, upon receiving the wine, took a long drink, after which he asked me to cut him a quid of tobacco.

"Well," I said, "I'll cut you some, but if I were you I'd say my prayers."

Hands replied, "In my thirty-five years at sea that's never done me any good; I say strike first, dead men don't bite. And now," he said changing the tone of his voice, "we'll run 'er aground."

We piloted the boat through many dangerous shoals and, as we were approaching land, I saw Hands sneaking up behind me. There was a terrible crack as the ship ran aground and we both fell flat on our faces. Somehow I managed to get up first and climb the mast where I began loading my pistols. Hands seeing that the tide had turned began to climb after me. When my pistols were readied I shouted to him in a determined manner: "One more step and I'll blow your head off."

Hands chuckled to himself as he took the long knife from between his teeth and sent it sizzling towards me. I felt a sharp pain in my shoulder. I shot both my pistols without conscious aim and they fell from my hands, but they did not fall alone, for the coxswain fell headfirst into the water.

J.M.

His hands rose to the surface once, then sank again. He sank right to the bottom and lay there. I was suddenly overcome by the realisation that he now lay in a watery grave he had planned to become mine. I became terrified and felt sick because of the knife protruding from my shoulder. I shuddered, and the knife came from my wound.

I pulled it away and then clambered down to the deck and cared for my wound as best I could then I proceeded to throw the other dead pirate overboard.

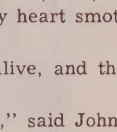
During all this the sun was setting and the whole anchorage was in shadow.

The water seemed shallow so I dropped overboard and waded ashore feeling triumphant over my clearing the ship of pirates.

As soon as I reached shore I started for the stockade and was soon near it. I then slowed down and went more slowly making use of cover as I feared the sentries might mistake me for a pirate and shoot me.

Ahead, I saw a glow and was wondering what it was when, as I drew near enough, I recognised it as the last embers of a large fire, not a thing moved and I felt a little frightened. Then going down on my knees I crawled towards the corner of the house.

As I got closer I was overjoyed to hear my friends snoring. I got up and strode to the door. All was dark within and all that could be heard was a steady drone of snores and an occasional clicking of something I could not account for. I then walked in toward my place when my foot struck something yielding and it turned and groaned but did not wake up. Then suddenly bedlam broke lose. A voice yelled: "Pieces of eight" repeatedly. This was Silver's parrot who had been making the clicking noise. Silver awoke with a mighty oath, crying out: "Who goes?" I tried to escape but a pair of strong arms closed around my legs. I was a prisoner of the pirates. B.



The red glare of the torch showed me that the pirates had possession of the blockhouse and the stores, but, to my horror, no prisoners. Judging they were all dead, my heart smote me that I had not perished with them.

Six buccaneers were left alive, and the parrot sat quietly on Long John's shoulder.

"It's nice of you to join us," said John. "But you can't go back to 'em anyway, 'cause they won't accept you."

I was relieved to know my friends were still alive, and this gave me courage. I learned that my friends had surrendered and also the position the pirates were in.

"I've seen too many die because of you already," I said, "now your ship's lost, the treasure's lost, and your plans are wrecked. And it's all because of me! I heard you making your plans, because I was hiding in the apple barrel when you made them. Kill me if you like — but I'm the only one who can stop you hanging for mutiny."

One man lunged at me with his knife, but John, realising I alone could save his life, drew his cutlass and stopped the man. They all backed into a corner and whispering together. John told them to speak loud or keep quiet, but one man said they were entitled to a conference, and they all went outside.

John promised to protect me if I would keep up my courage and thus protect his life. By the way he talked I judged everything was lost so I asked him.

"Aye, by gum," he answered. "Ship gone, neck gone — that's the size of it."

He informed me that he was on the squire's side now. He knew I had the ship, the other pirates had turned soft, and the game was lost.

He offered me some cognac, I refused, so he had some himself. He asked me why the doctor had given him the chart, but by my blank expression he saw no need for further questions. He just shook his head as one who looks forward to the worst. D.M.M.

The conspirators could be seen through the nearest loophole. One was on his knees with a book and a knife in his hands. When this man rose the five men started off towards the house. They stood just inside the door and pushed a man towards John Silver.

"Step up, lubber, and hand it over," said the latter.

This encouraged the buccaneer and he passed something to Silver after which he jumped back to his companions.

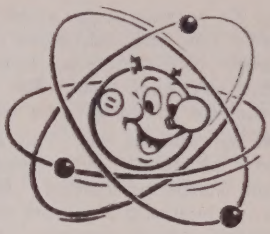
The sea cook looked at the black spot. "I thought so, but what fool has cut this out of the Bible?"

A buccaneer answered, "It was Dick."

"Well, Dick has seen the last of his luck, you can be sure," grunted Silver.

But then a man with yellow eyes interrupted: "That's enough of that John Silver, we voted to give you the black spot — so just turn it over."

"Oh, you can't fool us any more, John Silver, you've made a hash of everything, you can't fool us."



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"If you think that, you don't know how much the voyage is bungled, I can almost feel the noose about my neck, and it's because of fools like you," replied Silver.

With this he reached into his shirt and pulled out the chart which, for some unaccountable reason, the doctor had given him, and which had been in the bottom of the captain's sea-chest.

The mutineers leaped upon it and cried: "Hurrah for Cap'n Silver."

"It looks like you'll have to wait another turn to pass me the black spot, George, this one here is not much good — here you are, Jim, a curiosity for you."

He handed me a piece of paper about the size of a half-crown, blackened on one side with wood ash while on the other side was written in neat handwriting the one word, "deposed."

That was the end of the night's business and we went to sleep with George Merry as sentinel.

We were awakened the next day by Dr. Livesey's hearty voice: "Block house, ahoy!"

Silver came out to greet him: "We've got a lodger for you, doctor. Yes, it's Jim."

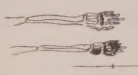
The doctor was astonished to hear I was captive but did not try to speak to me before seeing to his patients.

When we were allowed to speak outside the stockade, the Doctor was surprised to hear of my adventures and that I had the ship in North Inlet. Then he turned to Silver, "Don't be too quick looking for that treasure, Silver, and if we ever get out of this wolf-trap, I'll do my best to save you, John," after which he shook hands with me and set off through the wood. G.A.W.

That morning after breakfast we set out on our treasure-hunt.

We made a curious sight; all of us were in soiled clothes and all but me were armed to the teeth. I had a line about my waist which was held by the sea cook.

We had proceeded half a mile when we heard a shout and we all raced to the spot where one of the men was standing. We saw a skeleton with some rags about it with its feet pointing in one direction and its arms in the opposite direction.



Silver said it was pointing towards the tip-top point of Skeleton Island.

We took our bearings from the bones and went on. The first tree we came to was the wrong one. The same with the second one. The third rose two hundred feet and it was the one we were looking for.

A few hundred yards away we heard a low cry and we rushed towards it. We halted right in front of a recently dug pit which contained a broken pick and a board with "walrus" burned into it. "Walrus" had been the name of Flint's ship.

All was clear. Someone had found the "cache" and rifled it.

Silver calmly gave me a double-barrelled pistol and we slowly moved northward. Morgan found a two guinea piece and handed it to Merry.

Merry said: "Here, Silver, this is your treasure, two guineas," and the men climbed out of the pit. There we stood, Silver and I facing five men. Just then Merry told the men to charge. Suddenly there were three shots from the thicket and Merry and another man fell to the ground. The others turned round and ran. When I looked around I saw Silver fire two shots into Merry.

From the trees came the doctor, Gray and Ben Gunn carrying smoking muskets.

Ben Gunn then told us how he had found the skeleton and the treasure. He had taken the treasure to his cave.

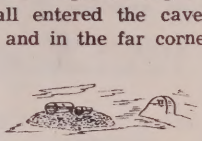
We then got into the gig and rowed to Ben Gunn's cave. R.D.B.

On the beach at the entrance of the cave the squire met us. At Silver's polite salute he flushed somewhat.

"John Silver," he said, "you're a villain, a monstrous imposter. I'm told not to prosecute you. But the dead men hang about your neck like millstones."

"Thank you kindly, sir," replied Long John, again saluting.

And thereupon we all entered the cave. Before a big fire lay Captain Smollett asleep; and in the far corner I beheld great heaps of coin and bars of gold.



What a supper I had that night, with all my friends around me! Never, I am sure, were people gayer or happier.

The next morning we started work early, transporting the great mass of treasure from the cave to the beach, then to the boat. Gray and Ben

Gunn rode with the boat and there was only one sentry posted. We had little to fear from the remaining mutineers but the one sentry was a nice precaution.

I was kept busy sorting all the various kinds of coins and putting them into bread-bags. I am sure there was a coin representing every country in the great mass.

We did this for a few days hearing nothing of the mutineers but on the third night we heard them singing, "Yo, ho ho and a bottle of rum," apparently drunk, in the distance. The doctor thought they might need medical care and proposed to go down to them, but Silver, who was in extreme disfavour, managed to dissuade him.

Shortly before leaving the island we held a council and decided to leave the mutineers on the island, as we did not want the possible danger of another mutiny on our hands. Accordingly we left a stock of powder and shot, some medicine, and other necessities, some tools, clothing and rope, and on a whim of the doctor's, a present of tobacco.

When we left we had to sail close to the southern point and saw the three mutineers on a spit of sand praying and begging us to take them with us. As we sailed away one of them sent a shot through the rigging.

We were so short of men that we sailed first for the nearest Spanish American port with all of us working the sails. We reached there at sundown several days later and recruited a crew and provisions. We made friends with a warship, and on returning to our own ship we discovered that Silver had left. We found that he had taken a bag of coins and we considered ourselves lucky to be rid of him so easily.

To make a long story short, we all got home safely and each of us received £1,000, spending it wisely or foolishly; but one thing I'm certain of — I'll never set foot again on Treasure Island. L.A.D./R.P.S.

* * *

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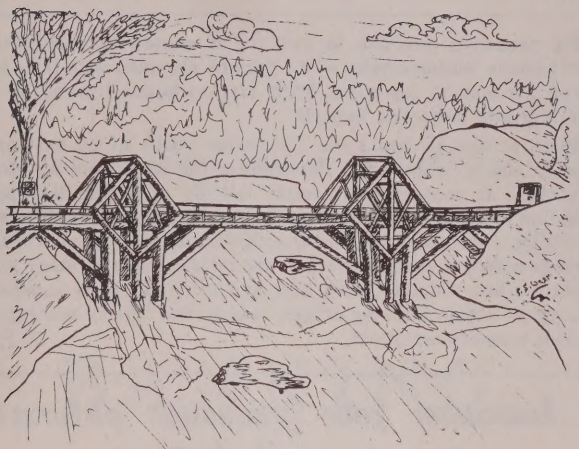

Colonel Nicholson

Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholson commands the remnant of a Battalion of British Infantry which was ordered to surrender to the Japanese. Nicholson was a person of great fortitude, a stickler; he upheld his principles against all odds — even against the threat of death and the enslavement of his sick men. His men loved him. He made their plight less disastrous, kept them happy and fed, and as far as possible, fit. They believed in him as an officer, and as a man.

As an officer he was strict, but just. He always thought first of his men and their welfare. He kept his men British soldiers, their obedience remained always — in spite of their captors' efforts — to their own officers. The Japanese tried to command them and failed. On those occasions the soldiers did their best to do their worst!

As a man, Nicholson was of simple and upright personality, he held the respect of everyone of his men.

Some would think that without the army to 'shape' him Nicholson would have been a wandering soul trying to 'latch on' to something but this is doubtful; men with Nicholson's fire, pride and honourable spirit can always create a way of life for themselves if the structure of one is shattered.

In Nicholson's case, he became a bridge - builder. With his qualities of integrity, honour, intelligence, and — above all, leadership — he would be the first to insist that they be not forgotten — with the help of his officers he built the "Bridge on the River Kwai." It became a symbol of all his life and work. This great and strong bridge testified to his greatness and strength.

His excessive devotion to building it caused his madness. The bridge became 'all-important' — he became obsessed with it — it slowly replaced his men in his mind. Thus circumstances beyond his control teased him into betraying himself.

When at last he could see his bridge about to be destroyed, his remaining sanity evaporated. The sight of the wire from the explosives was enough. It turned him 'beserk,' all his good qualities powerless against his impulse to save the bridge from harm. He deliberately set out with the Japanese Commander to thwart the British plan to sabotage the bridge before it could come into use for Japanese military purposes.

But a bomb-splinter struck him, and his dying body slumped on to the plunger. Within minutes bridge, reason, and loyalty were gone, and only their memory remained.

S. P. COOK

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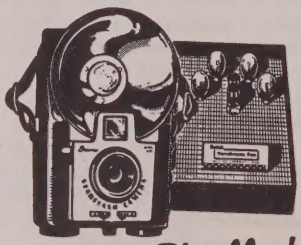

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Clastoptera In Bermuda

The "Spittle Bug," Clastoptera Undulata, was relatively unknown to Bermudians before June of 1959, but during this month, a few residents of Tucker's Town telephoned the Agricultural Station to report that small balls of "Spittle" had appeared on their Australian Pines, locally called Casuarinas. The Station's entomologist was, at that time, away in Florida and the Pest-control staff at the Station did not know what these mysterious balls of "spittle" were. A crew of observers was immediately dispatched to investigate the Tucker's Town area and to try to determine what this ball of spittle was; whether it was damaging the trees or was harmless to them. No one in this party had ever seen anything like 'it' before.

'It' appeared to be a small ball of frothy "spittle" which, on further examination was seen to house a small, round bug. A few branches, having spittle on them, were taken back to the Laboratory to be examined, thoroughly. A careful survey, with a magnifying glass, provided that Station's Plant Pathologist with little evidence of the bug's destructive powers. The bugs, when examined under a microscope, were about one tenth of an inch in length and approximately about one sixteenth of an inch in width.

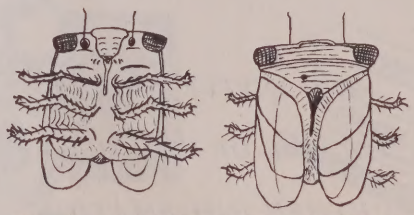


Diagram of CLASTOPTERA UNDULATA.

To obtain more information, some bugs were collected both in the nymph and adult stages, (the nymph being the small bug which lives in the ball of spittle, the adult being that bug which has emerged from the spittle and flies from tree to tree, without the aid or hindrance of the spittle mass), and sent to the New York Agricultural and Science Laboratories, so that the name and any other useful information concerning the bug's history and way of life could be forwarded to our Plant Pathologist. One week later a reply was received informing the "P.P." of the recent evolution of this insect from the CEROPIDAE family and that there was so little information about it, that it was thought, the bug did not seriously damage the trees. This news was welcomed by the Station for only a few years before the Endemic Bermuda Cedar, "Juniperis Bermudiana," had been all but wiped out by a

scale and the casuarinas had been brought in to replace this heavy loss. Now the casuarinas were being attacked by an insect which might prove to be the cause of a repetition in the history of Bermuda's forestation.

What was to be done to prevent such a terrible occurrence?

The first and most obvious action, which must be taken, was to see how much infestation, there was and where. To gather this information, a team of three agriculturists was sent into Tucker's Town armed with pencils and notebooks. This team had one jeep in which to transport themselves and to use as mobile headquarters. A large map was drawn of Tucker's Town, on which were traced those areas which were investigated, together with a number. This number referred to a number in the agriculturist's notebook and gave all the needed information on that piece of land. Owing to the hindrance of having to work on foot and returning to the jeep after every property check, the survey took a week and a half to cover the entire Tucker's Town area.

This survey made available to the Department, the dreaded information, that this bug was destructive to casuarinas and was spreading fast. Immediate action had to be taken, but with so little information available on the subject, it was difficult to decide which method of control to apply: Spray or parasite.

First the Spray-control:

Although Bermuda is less than twenty-two square miles, it is a very difficult plot to cover completely by spraying, because of its shape. This was a relatively small point, for in August 1959 the bug was only in Tucker's Town and the immediate vicinity. To combat harmful insects, there are four sprays which may be used, (1) Chloridane is the most deadly and longest lasting, being still effective six months after spraying, (2) D.D.T. and (3) Dieldrin last for about two to three weeks and (4) Malithion lasts only a matter of four to six days. All four sprays had to be under trial on a group of casuarinas, which were heavily infested with the spittle bug. Four groves, approx. 1,000 square yards each in area, were selected as far as possible away from each other, so that there would be no influence of the stronger, more deadly sprays killing the bugs on the other trial spots. Five hundred gallons of average concentrated spray solution were deposited on the trees in these plots of land and left for one week. On returning to observe the results, it was seen that almost 100% control was achieved in all four plots of land. Hence there was nothing to choose, from the control angle, but since Tucker's Town is relatively densely populated, an almost non-toxic spray must be used to prevent harm to the populace. Owing to this, Malithion, which is non-toxic to all warm-blooded animals, was chosen. This trial period was very necessary but enabled the bug to obtain an even stronger hold and to advance westward along the Island.

The first load of Malithion spray was taken to Tucker's Town on the 23rd day of August 1959, almost two months after the discovery of the bug. This daily spraying continued for ten days, and great care had to be taken in the transportation of the bulky spray-hose, as this piece of equipment was essential but must not damage small trees and shrubs. The Spittle bug infestation was virtually wiped out of Tucker's Town for one week, but at the end of this period the bug had re-appeared in large numbers. This re-infestation was asserted to the fact, that, Malithion killed those adults and juveniles on the actual branches, but did not harm the eggs which were inserted in small slits near the base of the needles, as shown below:

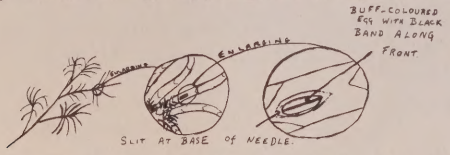
Spraying had to be done every week, but this was impossible, for the Station only possessed two spray trucks and they were now engaged in spraying vegetable fields against the very harmful horn-worm. If this worm gains a firm hold on a field, all vegetables will be destroyed and all neighbouring fields endangered. Owing to this annual spray programme the Spittle bug spraying had to be suspended.

Second the Parasite control.

The parasite control much interested the Entomological staff at the Department for only once before had an Island-wide parasite control been introduced to these Islands, when parasites were brought in to try and combat the Cedar scale. Once again the New York Agricultural Department was contacted, asking for information on the possibility of such a parasite to control effectively the Spittle bug. A prompt reply was received informing the Entomologist that in some West Indian Islands, where casuarinas abound and also where there is an abundance of spittle bugs, a parasite named CARABUNIA MYERSI had been liberated successfully against the spittle bug. An enquiry, on their spittle bugs and parasite control, was sent to the Jamaican Department of Agriculture.

After a few details had been "ironed out," the Department in Jamaica agreed to fill a box of spittle masses still residing on their casuarinas branchlets and send it to Bermuda by "rush mail" through a well established Airways company. On opening the box here, it was found that the spittle masses were still intact, that is to say, still frothy, and were placed in an emergence box, so that any parasites that "came off" could be caught and used for experimental purposes. It was discovered, that the spittle bugs from Jamaica were different from those on our local casuarinas, so care had to be taken not to let any of these bugs escape.

We have discussed the control of the spittle bug and now I shall try to explain its mode of life. The eggs are laid in a small slit near the base of the pine needles and hatch out after about three days of incubation. The young, almost white spittle bugs immediately start to produce spittle from their anal canal and by working their hind legs, they produce the visible frothy spit. A young bug will then nestle himself on a branch, probably in the axil formed by the needles and a branchlet, and extract the sap from the needles as food. As he gets older, he increases the amount of spittle about him accordingly and if some other young bugs are hatched near him, they might enter into his home, hence their might be ten different spittle bugs in one mass, all at different stages of development. The actual use of the spit is not known, but it is assumed that this spittle affords a hideout for the young bugs. However it has been observed that lizards will sip away the spittle, leaving the nymph bare, then calmly eat the nymph and move on to the next spittle mass. Some lizards will eat spittle bugs as a regular diet, for on dissecting ten lizards taken from a heavily infested area, it was discovered that two lizards had an abundance of spittle bugs in them, while eight out of the ten had nothing but spittle bugs in their stomachs. After about two weeks in the spittle mass, the bug leaves the mass, dries itself in the sun and ventures out into the world to live for about three months. With the coming of the warmer weather, that is from the beginning of June, the number of eggs which hatch and survive is greatly increased. In July, August and September there can be



noticed an enormous increase in the amount of spittle masses on the casuarinas, the peak of this great infestation occurring in the last two weeks of August, when each ten foot branch houses about twelve to fifteen spittle masses. As winter gradually approaches a steady decrease in the number of spittle masses may be observed, so that during the

cold months of December, January and February, there are only one or two masses per ten foot branch. With the fluctuations in temperature during March, April and May, the amount of spittle per branch may vary considerably, due to the spittle bugs' short period of incubation.

The observations, which have been expressed above, were made by the writer, through his own experiences during the summer of 1959 and the ensuing winter. These observations, although only a "scratch on the surface" of this field of entomology, are put forward in the hope that they may alert my readers to the fact that the spittle bug could endanger our casuarinas and thereby endanger the economic affairs of the Islands. With the swift death of the Endemic Bermuda Juniper (cedar), Bermuda might have been hard hit, if it had not been for the just as swift action of the Department of Agriculture in its re-afforestation programme of planting the quickly growing casuarinas, which have replaced this tragic loss.

E. E. ZUILL, Upper Sixth

* * *

Project Mercury

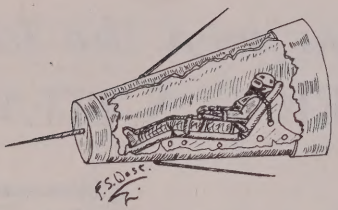
Some day in the not too distant future the world will be electrified with the news that there is an 'earthling' circling in the skies overhead. Then everyone will say, "Oh, how clever we are to be able to put a man into orbit." Celebrations and speeches will be made, monuments will be dedicated. Scientists and technicians will be glorified. It may be that Bermuda, as a part of Project Mercury, will figure in this story. We shall have to wait and see — here, for the present, is our idea of the event:

Somehow night passes. Twinkling stars are suspended by the greater light. With them goes all my peace of mind. I shall know where to look for it.

Dawn trip to the base. There, long, slim, gleaming — somehow grim —is the rocket. Which one of those thousands, hundreds of thousands of tiny units will fail at need? Not one?

Half an hour from count-down: dressed in space gear. Here they come to escort me to the rocket. My last mile, like a murderer. Do the last few minutes fly so fast for them?

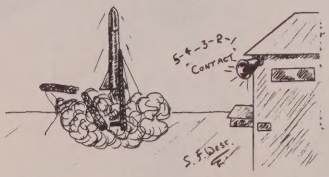
How did we get into the capsule? So well strapped down? Don't these things occupy time at all?



The last technician pats our astronaut on the shoulder and now he is alone. He is comfortably settled into his contour couch. We may talk to him if we wish, sending a cheerful word into his close cocoon of wires and tapes and threads and all manner of electronic devices that bind him. As he waits. . . .

In the control room red warning lights come on one by one as every system and sub-system is checked and actuated. A green light comes on above the firing button showing that the ship is ready and that nothing more is needed to send the rocket soaring than a slight pressure of the controller's thumb. . . .

Two minutes . . . one . . . the green light turns to red and the familiar reverse count begins in earnest. Three . . . two . . . one . . . at the moment of contact the red light flashes, a brilliant blinding tongue of fire flies out, smoke billows, roaring deafens . . . the ship is space-bound.



From the block-house, the rocket is seen to rise swiftly and soon disappears from sight, but the radar screens have it.

Minutes, and not a word is heard from the astronaut. At first we are apprehensive until reassured by ground control that while the stages of the multi-step rocket fire, propel, and drop off one by one as the craft gains altitude and direction, it is impossible for the astronaut to move even one finger, let alone speak, owing to the great inertial overload induced by the rapid acceleration. And now, since the astronaut is securely strapped in he does not sense the phenomenon of weightlessness directly, although the effect of this upon the human body would like to be ascertained, this is impossible since the astronaut floating about is likely to wrench loose the electronic connections in his body recording all his physiological and psychological reactions, or, twisting about helpless, the guinea pig might strangle himself with his own electronic tethers.

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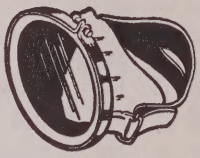

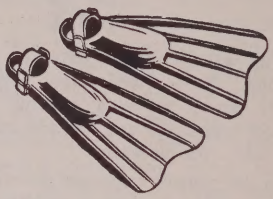

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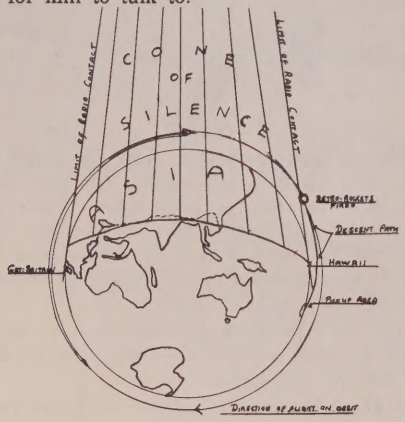
Project Mercury. "Rocket functioned perfectly. I am in good shape, opening observation port cover and beginning tests. Out."

The astronaut completes all his tests and radios his findings back to earth. By this time he has entered the area of night.

"The stars are as pin-heads in black velvet, the constellations shining brilliantly; it's as if a thick fog had suddenly been lifted, and the moon stands out sharply and seems quite close, with its craters plainly visible. Below me, I can see nothing but an occasional cluster of lights of what must be large cities; I must almost be out of this dark zone now. Ah, the first ray; it is the prettiest violet that I have ever seen. It's gone. Here's a blue, never have I seen two colours like these, so pure . . . the blue is gone, now it's green, yellow, a fiery orange turning to red, now the red is fading, giving way to pure daylight. I've never seen any colours so resplendent as these, it is as if nature is putting on a show for the first earthman in the skies."

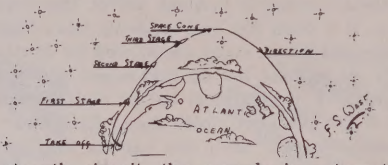
Now and again Ground Control would say a few words, just to let our astronaut know we are still with him; but while the flight of the capsule takes him over Siberia, where we have no tracking stations, there is no one for him to talk to.



For about thirty minutes our astronaut passes through 'the Cone of Silence', after the tracking station in Great Britain is cut off by the curvature of the earth, and before the capsule comes in range of the Hawaiian station. This is his hardest psychological test, to be cut off from the world falling freely in merciless space, the most alien and inhospitable environment imaginable, knowing that only a thin metal wall protects him from the explosive decompression and utter oblivion: will it turn his mind or will he remain sensible?

Although earth cannot speak to him or he to earth in the Cone of Silence, all his reactions, voluntary and involuntary, are recorded inside the capsule, and much valuable information will be learned on analysing these recordings later.

The astronaut talked, gave information, remarked on the sights, marvelled at space and, in the Cone of Silence, dreamed.



On the seventeenth circuit, the capsule is automatically separated from the last stage; it is now time to revolve the capsule for the re-entry.

Carefully, as he had practised many times, our astronaut fires the rockets which accomplish this.

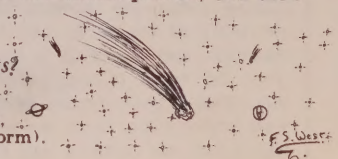
"Capsule turned and ready for re-entry. Over."

"You are now crossing Central United States. Stand by to fire the retro-rockets. Over."

The countdown to retro-rockets is soon completed and the capsule begins its last, long plunge earthwards; the temperature rises very quickly as the capsule hits the atmosphere. Here a metal drogue parachute takes over until the capsule reaches the denser air where a larger silk parachute lowers it gently into the net of the huge planes, circling the probable impact area previously calculated by ballistics engineers.

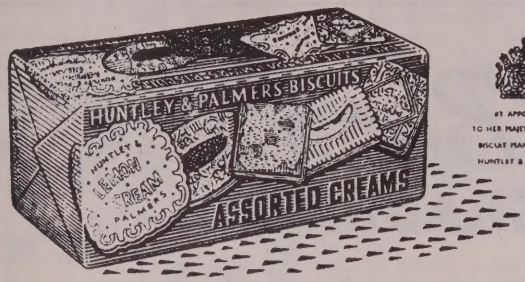
Immediately after pickup, the astronaut and his capsule are rushed back home for a complete physical checkup, to determine the effects of Space on man and his machines.

The last stage of the rocket, with a secondary payload to record cosmic ray data, remains in space after the man's return. Our project has been a success; next comes a flight to the distant planets, and then onwards and onwards for ever.



Why do we climb our Everests?
Because they are there.

K. H. CHIAPPA and M. S. BREWER,
(Upper Sixth Form).



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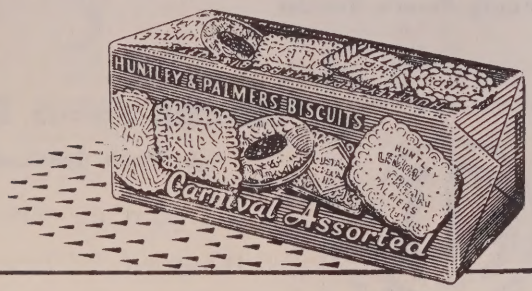

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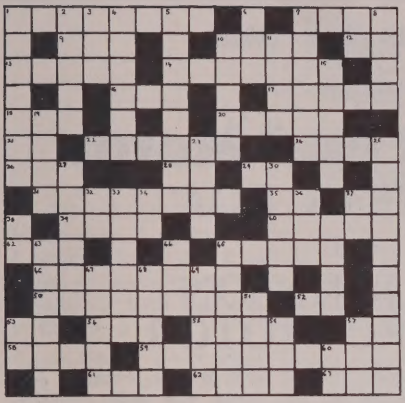

DOWN

1. Friendly (7)
2. To recover (5)
3. A night bird of prey (3)
4. Hot spring which sprouts water (6)
5. Loathsome (8)
6. To disturb (6)
7. To suppurate (6)
8. A unit for comparison (4)
10. Sense of duty (5)
11. Unless (conjunction) (4)
15. Miscalculation (5)
19. What . . . . (4)
23. A sudden crack (4)
25. Ticklish (10)
27. Merriment (6)
30. One of the Disciples (5)
32. Britain's sea protection (abbreviation (2)
33. The highest part in music (6)
34. That is (abbreviation) (2)
36. Unit of measurement (3)
37. Smell of the body (abb.) (2)
38. Behold (2)
41. Remainder (4)
43. A measure in poetry (6)
44. Coniferous tree (3)
45. A passing out of the way (6)
47. Continual pains (5)
48. Of an Italian city (5)
49. Point of heavens directly under observer (5)
51. Before (pref.) (4)
53. Into (pref.) (2)
56. Denoting male animal (3)
57. Moved swiftly (3)
60. Academy of Royalty in England (abbreviation) (2)

ACROSS

1. Presuming on ones rank or power (8)
7. Inclined to (4)
9. Great fear mingled with veneration (3)
10. To waste away from grief (4)
12. Negative response (2)
13. A foolish and senseless action (5)
14. To make use of (7)
16. Signal often sent from ships in storms (3)
17. To play noisily on stringed instrument (5)
18. Town governor in Turkey (3)
20. One who attempts (5)
21. Musical note (2)
22. A large richly-laden merchant ship (6)
24. Contagious disease of domestic poultry (4)
26. The complete unit of measurement of work or energy in the metric system (3)
28. Modern body of peacemakers (abbreviation) (2)
29. Because (2)
31. Member of irregular troops engaged in risky enterprises (8)
35. Neuter Gender of third person (2)
37. Transport company in Britain (abbreviation) (2)
39. Concerning (4)
40. Adult with intelligence of young child (5)
42. A lyric poem of exalted tone (3)
45. The largest pipe of the bagpipes (5)
46. An anti-malarial drug (8)
50. Circular view (9)
52. Part of the Bible (abb.) (2)
53. Denoting rest in a place (2)
54. Border made by sewing (3)
55. Depression made by a blow (4)
57. In reference to (2)
58. A stone wall without mortar (4)
59. Member of the upper class (10)
61. Member of the family (3)
62. To make a tapered or conical hole (62)
63. One out of many (3).

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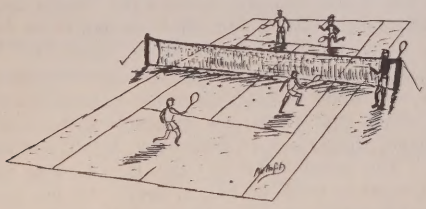
Tennis

After being approached by several parents about the formation of a tennis class, it occurred to me, that a number of boys might be interested. I confess that I didn't anticipate such a good response. Having tried to sell cheap tickets to the boys when the tennis professionals were here, I gathered from the small numbers sold that there was little interest in the game.

In almost every pupil, the interest has been maintained, despite the fact that a large part of the lessons so far, has been the grind of practising, over and over again, the fundamentals of the various strokes. At times no doubt, some boys feel the boredom of this, but the importance of it, cannot be overstressed. As I have explained, there is no short cut to learning these tsrokes, and hours of practice are necessary to obtain a grooved swing. Each stroke must become a conditioned reflex, so that when the ball is in play, one can concentrate on it, and one's tactics, without thinking about the production of the stroke. For example, when your opponent hits the ball to your right flank, there isn't time to think about the footwork, the backswing, the follow through, the ball, and the place where you intend to hit it. Remember, there has never been a champion or a good player, who hasn't spent many hours on the production of his strokes.



SOME FACTS TO THINK ABOUT, AND WORK ON

Court Surfaces: No other game is played on such a variety of surfaces and a true champion can play well on them all — though he'll no doubt favour one in particular. The surface used in Bermuda is used the world over, and many championships are played on it. Generally, it is known as en-tout-cas and is considered a very "slow" surface (the French championships are played on this surface). Other "slow" sur-

faces are clay, ashphalt, and a number of materials, from cork to crushed rubble. The faster surfaces are (1) grass. This is used for the world's major championships — Wimbledon, Forest Hills, and Melbourne, and for many big tournaments. Playing on fine grass court is the most pleasant play of all.

(2) Wood. This is an excellent playing surface because the bounce of the ball is always true — if lightening fast.

(3) Californian cement. This is a good playing surface, but tends to become "hot."

(4) Linoleum.

Now it is easily appreciated that the speed of the court affects the type of game which will be played. On grass,, and other fast surfaces, the man with the crushing serve and net rushing tactics will usually win. On a slow surface, these tactics are useless as passing shots and lobs are so much easier to hit. Even Gonzales, with his 112 m.p.h. cannon serve rarely goes to the net behind it, because he knows that there is a good chance that he will be passed. Thus, to be a complete player, one must be able to defend well, that is, to return the ball consistently from the forehand and the backhand and also to attack, which of course means moving to the net to put away the volley or overhead smash.

Spin of the Ball: When Jack Kramer won the Wimbledon singles in 1947, he did it in a most convincing fashion. He had a booming serve, which he could place very well, very sound ground strokes, crisp volleys, and a crushing overhead smash. In other words, he hit the ball very hard (low volleys and lobs excepted) and as a result went through each round very quickly. His win was so impressive, that naturally everyone thought that here was a man to copy. Quite right, except for a big misconception. I recall the popular theory, that the ball must be hit "flat." This is rubbish, as a tennis ball can very rarely be hit with a flat-faced racket. Even when it can, there's a good chance of making an error. To be consistent, and to allow for a margin of error, the ball must be hit either with a top spin or under spin. In other words, the face of the racket should roll (if only very slightly) either over the ball or under it. The great value of spin is: 1. You can get fine control, and (2) it helps to keep the ball in court. Of the two spins, top spin is probably the better, because the ball bounces quickly away, whereas underspin slows down and tends to "stand up.' (There are some exceptions however, as a heavily underspun ball will skid low on a fast court). Furthermore, a ball with top spin can be hit much harder and is usually more difficult to volley than an underspun ball.

All the great players hit top spin forehands, although it is interesting to note that only a few have good overspun backhands. It is not quite as easy to hit over, as under, on the backhand, but once this shot is mastered it is a most potent weapon. Don Budge, the only player in

the past 50 years to win the world's four maior amateur championships in one year, had a crushing top spin backhand. Other great players using this shot are Kramer, Trabert, and Hoad, It is interesting to note that when Dick Savitt won in Wimbledon in 1951, he was almost unknown, but the ability to return a high twisting serve on his backhand won him the championship. Of course there have been some fine players who hit their backhands with underspins. Both Rosewell and Parker have fine backhands, though these shots have accurately rather than power.

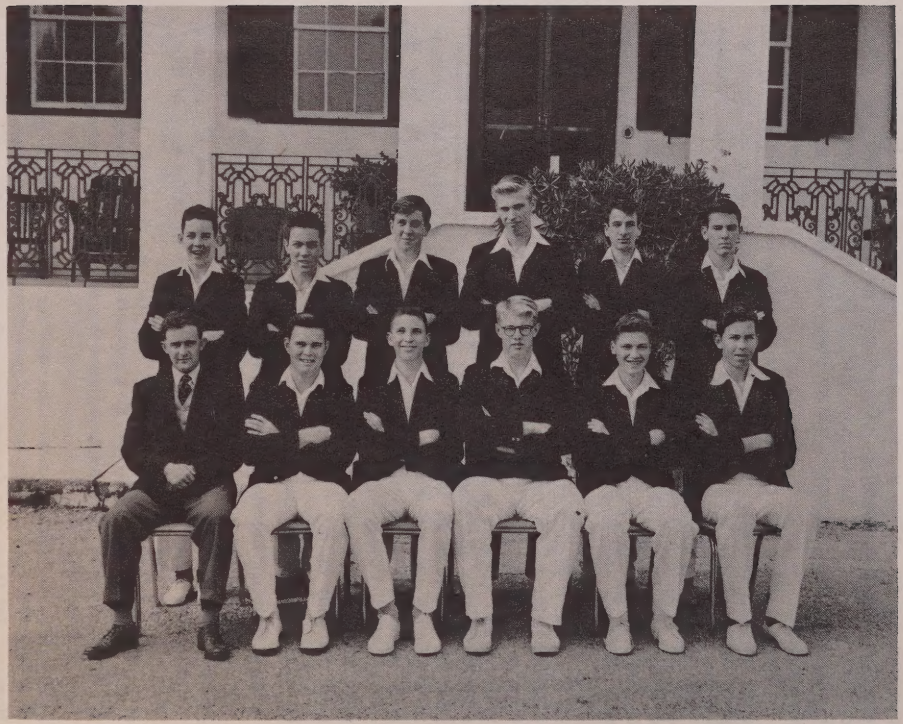
Tactics: This is a part of the game which is greatly neglected by most amateur players. Gonzales's consistency in beating all the other pros, has not been because he is a better stroke player, but because he is a better tactician and he seems to improve in this respect each year. In this class of tennis, a weakness is only relative, that is, to the average onlooker, it may not appear a weakness at all. For example, Gonzales considers Trabert to be a bit slow on his feet, so when he plays him he keeps him moving all over the court with angled shots, drop shots, and lobs. This is perhaps the only way to beat Trabert because he has superb ground strokes, volleys well and can hit the overheads with devastation. On the other hand, Gonzales is virtually unbeatable from this point of view. His speed and anticipation allows him to get to every ball. Segura is also a very smart tactician. He is so respected in this sense by the other pros, that they have named him "Sneaky." Even at the age of 40, he still beats the younger professionals, because he is such a fine tactician. Thus, when you play a match, look for your opponents weakness. Its possible he likes to hit his forehand — so, hit all your shots to his backhand. He may not like "softies," so don't "belt" every ball, mix in a few high floaters. Look for his weakness, and play on it.

Some good points to remember:

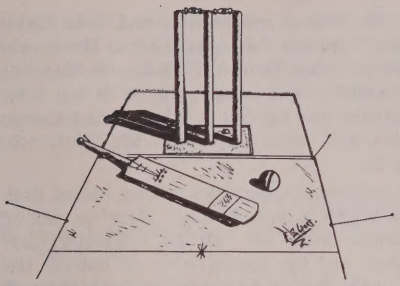
1. Fast footwork but slow strokes. Keep the stroke smooth, don't jerk or snatch at the ball, it ruins timing.
2. Don't worry about a backswing — the shoulder turn is far more important. Turn the shoulder and the backswing takes care of itself.
3. Watch the ball — right onto the racket.
4. Follow through — this will give you control and accuracy.
5. Bend the knees. Gonzales considers this the cause of nearly all errors on a low ball.

Lastly, for all those who have the will for it, tennis is a grand way of seeing the world, under very pleasant conditions, and without cost! However, for those who do not have such ambitions, it's worth remembering that tennis is a wonderful game that will keep you fit, and will give you fun for a whole lifetime.

R.S.A.



Cricket XI



Cricket 1959

The team was chosen from: Zuill (captain), Hallett, Whitecross, Davis, Maycock 1, Harrison, Kempe, Profit 1, Henry 1, Maycock 2, Parker, West.

The matches played were as follows:

1.—H. A. & E. Smith Ltd. 142 for 8 declared (B. Hopkins 45). School 55. Lost.

2.—Casuals. 102 (Flood 31; Hallett 3 for 14). School 81 for 1 (Davis 39 not out; Hallett 25; Whitecross 12 not out). Drawn.

3.—School. 98 (Davis 25; Hallett 29). Warwick Academy. 55 (Whitecross 6 for 20). Won.

4.—School. 104 (Harrison 30). Warwick Academy. 105 (Powell 30). Lost.

5.—Staff. 103 (Mr. Critchlow 30; Mr. Capstick 34). School. 87 (Whitecross 26; Parker 22; Mr. Alger 5 for 9). Lost.

The short cricket season was even shorter this year due to the numerous celebrations taking place during the 350th anniversary. The five matches played however produced some quite good cricket. There was only one drawn game; the others ending in definite results.

The first match of the season was once again against H. A. & E. Smith Ltd. The visitors batted first and declared at 142 for 8. Some fine batting from Hopkins (45) and Dickens (23) helped this total considerably. The School gave a somewhat inept batting display scoring only 55.

Mr. I. S. Outerbridge brought a Casuals XI to play the School for their second fixture. An opening partnership of 35 promised a large total but after Harrison had claimed the first wicket very little resistance was offered. Casuals were all out for 102. Davis and Hallett opened for the School and both batted extremely well. Davis was particularly severe on the leg side. These two pushed the score steadily along to 52 when Hallett was out for 25. Whitecross joined Davis and although they both tried to quicken the scoring the "sands of time" ran out. When stumps were drawn the School were 81 for 1 with Davis 39 not out and Whitecross 12 not out.

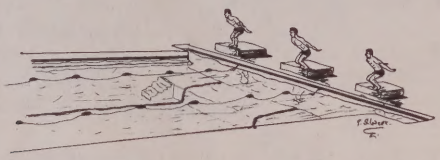
Against Warwick Academy the School batted first and both Davis and Hallett batted well. 34 runs were on the board before Davis was out for 25. The total score of 98 included 29 from Hallett and Maycock 12 not out. Warwick's opening batsmen were able to score 21 but were then separated. Very little resistance was offered to Whitecross who was bowling well and accurately. Warwick were all out for 55; Whitecross had 6 for 20 and Harrison 3 for 31.

In the return fixture with Warwick Academy the School batted first. Davis was out at 15 and wickets began to fall sharply. Harrison played a good innings and scored 30 before being out. Of the tail-enders only Kempe, scoring 16, was successful, and the School were all out for 104. In their reply Warwick opening bats put on 52 before being separated. Both Whitecross and Zuill proved expensive and only Harrison had any success. Warwick continued steadily and passed the School's score with four wickets in hand.

The annual match against the Old Boys was unfortunately cancelled due to bad weather.

In the last match of the season the School played the Staff. Mr. Critchlow and Mr. Drewery opened for the Staff but were separated with the score at 7. Mr. Capstick joined Mr. Critchlow and indulged in some big hitting taking the score to 54 before being out for 34. The headmaster did not have much success this year, being out for 3. Wickets fell quite regularly the only real opposition coming from Mr. Critchlow who carried his bat for 30 not out; the innings closed for 103. The School's opening bats offered little resistance and the first six wickets were down for 31. Whitecross redeemed the situation somewhat by scoring a useful 26, and Parker, using the "long-handle," a good 22. However, the School only managed to make 87 and so lost an enjoyable game of cricket.

F.C.



S.G.S. House Swimming Competition, 1959

A week after returning to school from the summer vacation, the Annual Swimming Competition was held, as usual, at the Eagles Nest Pool. As there is no training done for this event, it is unlikely that records will fall. However, breaking records is not the aim of the meeting and excitement and fun was had by all. Potentially, there are some very good swimmers and divers in the school, and with some intensive training they could do very well.

Butterfield House seems to have the best swimmers, coming first in both the senior and junior competitions. Darrell House came second in the junior and third in the senior. Saltus finished third in the junior and second in the senior and Watlington, finished fourth in both competitions.

R.S.A.

JUNIOR

25 yards freestyle A — 1 Lightbourne (S), Conchie (W), McMartin (B): Time 20.0 secs.

25 yards freestyle B — 1 Conly 2 (B), Robinson 1 (D) Bell (S): Time 17.2 secs.

50 yards freestyle C — 1 Vorley (B), 2 O'Brien (S), 3 Saber (B): Time 38.4 secs.

50 yards breaststroke C — 1 Wardman (S), 2 Brown (B) 3 Vorley (B): Time 47.9 secs.

25 yards backstroke C — 1 Perinchief (W), 2 Farge 1 (B), 3 Woolfrey (D): Time 19.7 secs.

Junior Diving — 1 Marshall (D), 2 Conly (B) and Henry (B).

Junior Relay — 1 Darrell and Butterfield, 3 Watlington: Time 1:9.2 secs.

House Positions — Butterfied 21, Darrel 11, Saltus 9, Watlington 7

SENIOR

50 yards freestyle D — 1 Mello (B), 2 Robinson 1 (D), 3 Cook (B): Time 32.1.

50 yards breaststroke D — 1 Ashton (B), 2 Cook (B), 3 Lodge 1 (D): Time 43.4.

25 yards backstroke D — 1 Haynes (D), 2 Cook (B), 3 Robinson (D): Time 16.8.

100 yards freestyle E — 1 Hetzel (S), 2 Zuill (B), 3 Whitecross (W): Time 1:12.2.

200 yards freestyle E — 1 Zuill (B), 2 Harrison (B), 3 Profit 1 (S): Time 2:59.

100 yards breaststroke E — 1 Profit 1 (S), 2 Harrison (B), 3 Hallett (D): Time 1:34.4.

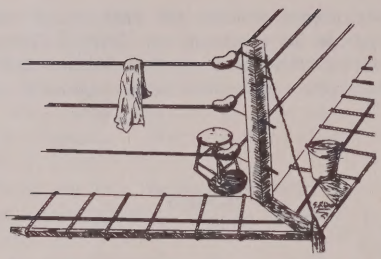
50 yards backstroke E — 1 Hetzel (S), 2 Davis 1 (W), 3 Hallett (D): Time 36.8.

Senior Diving — 1 Mello (B), 2 Haynes (D), 3 Lukrofta (S).

Senior Relay — 1 Saltus, 2 Butterfield, 3 Darrel. Time 1:54.

House Positions — Butterfield 26, Saltus 17, Darrel 13, Watlington 3.

Groups — A under 10; B over 10 and under 12; C over 12 and under 14; D over 14 and under 16; E over 16.



Inter-School Boxing, 1960

The 1960 Inter-School Boxing Tournament was once again, most successful, and in particular for Saltus. The school emerged with ten winners, but in addition, had four other finalists, all of whom did very well. Success was unquestionably due to the intensive training. The team trained very hard each lunch hour and after school. Each boxer listened carefully to the coaching and tips, and were a pleasure to help. It is worth noting that the school has good boxers who were unable to box in the preliminary because there happened to be another candidate for that particular weight group. It is unfortunate that the school could have entered several boys in the same weight groups whilst having no one for others. However, other schools have this problem too, no doubt.

For the first time Saltus was able to enter the under 60 lb. group. Previously there has been no one old enough and light enough at this weight. This was Outerbridge who boxed Bento of Dellwood in the final. His aggressive attitude was a lesson to much older boxers. Working on the principle that he might collect "one" in order to give "two or three," he continually bore into his opponent, who just couldn't figure out where all the punches were coming from. Conchie was the winner of the next weight group which was boxed during the preliminary bouts. Osborne, the Saltus candidate in the 65-70 lb. group was judged by many to be the finest junior boxer. He has excellent punching style, and his ringcraft and defence has rarely been seen in one so young. His whole attitude was most professional. George Conly, in the 70-75 lb. group, is the hardest puncher of the younger group. With an improved defence he gave his opponent no chance, as he landed one solid blow after the other. In the next group, Altz boxed in good style, and won very comfortably, whilst Rothwell, following the advice of aggression, finished off his match in the first round. Steinhoff, an inter-school champion in previous years could not seem to really get going, and lost narrowly to Purcell of Warwick. However, Peter Farge, regained the winning streak with some good boxing to win the next

weight group. This was followed by a win for Glen Shorto in the 95-100 lb. division. Again, he boxed in classic style, and with his immaculate defence it is unlikely that his opponent scored, even once. It is certainly a pleasure to watch his cool manner when in the ring.

Pierce boxed McCann of Whitney in the next bout. There was some fine boxing here as McCann was a winner for Saltus last year. However, Pierce remembered to move away from McCann's left — although a southpaw, and then took advantage of his wild swings to step in and attack. An intelligent piece of boxing this, and Pierce was a worthy winner. The next competition for Saltus was Clarke, who boxed Brown of Warwick.

Unfortunately, he seemed nervous in his first inter-school competition, and Brown, well experienced in this way, won his bout handsomely. The next bout was the "upset" of the evening. Haynes of Saltus has the reputation of being a fine boxer, and so he is. However, Truran was undismayed, and handled the speed of Haynes well, and came out winner of a close bout. In fairness to Haynes he was, perhaps, not quite as fast as in previous bouts. The other two competitors for Saltus were the Zabel brothers. Both these boys were extremely keen, and had trained very hard. However, Fred, whilst having good potential, could not match the experienced Owen of Warwick, although he put on a very plucky display. Family pride was maintained however, as Phil won his weight group. Mention must be made of the other boys who put in a lot of training. Browne and Cook, both did well in the preliminaries and with his experience, should do well in the future. Muggleton, Smith, Marshall, Lodge, Rose, and McMartin, appeared regularly for training and will no doubt be the boxers to watch next year.

The referee was Mr. C. F. Williams, the judges, Messrs. S. Gascoigne, D. Measures, and P. S. Welsh. The timekeeper was Mr. F. Gosling and the M.C. Mr. D. Kirwin.

R.S.A.

S.G.S. House Boxing Competition

(February 25th, 1960)

For the second year the finals were held on a Thursday afternoon and the whole of the senior school was able to attend. Unfortunately our hopes of a larger attendance by parents were not realised.

Each year in the past there has been considerable difficulty in arranging this event and a stage was reached in which only a few boys entered. These were the boys who felt reasonably competent, plus a few who might be classified as "brave souls." It was clear of course that others would box, but realising their "bulk" would place them in a weight group in which they'd be outclassed, refused to enter. They felt it was pointless to enter, only to meet an opponent who was taller, thinner, faster, older and with more experience. To overcome this, and in an attempt to encourage everyone to box, it was decided to hold two competitions. One, a competition proper, in which boys of roughly equal size and ability would box for a place in the finals. The other competition allowed the other to gain points for their house but, in addition, and perhaps more important, to gain a little self esteem. Whilst not having a medal or cup to prove it, they can in all honesty say: "Yes, I once boxed three rounds in a ring." It does not follow from this of course that those who did not box are cowards, as in every case there were sound medical reasons or private reasons. It should be noted that almost every boy went in the ring, even though a number displayed a curious idea of the manly sport.

Training began during the Christmas term, and for several weeks the emphasis was on style, footwork and defence. It was interesting to note that several boys, whilst displaying fine style and ability when punching the bag or medicine ball, forgot it all when in the ring, with the result that they looked more like individuals than boxers.

There were 15 final bouts during the afternoon and all were well contested and very even. It is difficult to pick one bout as being outstanding, but Perinchief's efforts against the experienced Haynes was a good performance. The trophy for the Best Loser was presented to D. McMartin, and the Most Improved Cup went to L. Frazer-Smith.

Mr. Profit, in presenting the prizes gave an amusing speech, some sound advice and outlined a fine attitude to sport generally.

Thanks are expressed to Mr. C. Williams as referee, Mr. G. Rosser as timekeeper, Mr. P. S. Welch as a judge, and Messrs. F. Capstick and J. Drewery, who not only judged the final bouts, but also all the preliminary bouts.

R.S.A.

RESULTS OF S.G.S. SCHOOL BOXING

60-65 lbs.—L. Osborne (D) defeated D. Conchie (W).
100-105 lbs.—P. Browne (B) defeated I. Marshal (D)
120-125 lbs.—M. Haynes (D) defeated S. Perinchief (W)
65-70 lbs.—P. Muggleton (D) defeated M. Meeker (B)
90-95 lbs.—P.Farge (B) defeated P. Browne (B)
125-136 lbs.—D. McCann (S) defeated A. Bush (W)

70-75 lbs.—G. Conly (B) defeated D. Rose (D)
65-70 lbs.—R. McClarron (W) defeated D. McMartin (B)
110-115 lbs.—C. Clark (S) defeated S. Cook (B)
Under 60 lbs.—S. Outerbridge (D) defeated C. Mayor (B)
136-145 lbs.—P. Profit (S) defeated F. Zabel (B)*
80-85 lbs.—G. Rothwell (B) defeated L. Frazer-Smith (B)
95-100 lbs.—G. Shorto (W) defeated D. Panchaud (W)
85-90 lbs.—R. Steinhoff (D) defeated C. Lodge (D)
145-155 lbs.—P. Zabel (B) defeated B. Lukrofka (B)**

* (Zabel injured his thumb and the bout was not permitted to proceed past the first round.

** (Lukrofka injured his thumb in the first round and the bout was not permitted to proceed.)

* * *

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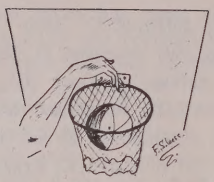


Basketball 1959 - 1960

The game of Basketball is increasing in popularity each year. With the opening of the new B.A.A. recreation hall, many boys are very keen to improve, in order to play in some of the teams which play there. Although the school gymnasium is not big enough for a full-sized basketball court, it does at least give the opportunity to learn the skills.

At the end of the Christmas term, another Inter-House Basketball tournament was held; which again, was most successful. Perhaps this year, it may be possible to use the fine facilities of the new B.A.A. building.

These are the fundamental skills which boys should work on:

1. Learn to pass accurately.
2. Learn to pivot.
3. Use the back board for a "lay-up" shot.
4. Practice shooting from about 15 to 20 ft. from the basket.
5. Learn to dribble with the left and right hands.

Here are some Do's and Don'ts:

1. Don't pass to a man who is guarded.
2. Don't dribble too much, let the ball do the work.
3. Don't hack — it's a foul.
4. Don't block.
5. Do use the bounce pass, it's very effective.
6. Do keep moving into an open space.
7. Do follow a "set shot" in, you may get the rebound if it misses.
8. Do think, use the ball intelligently.

R.S.A.

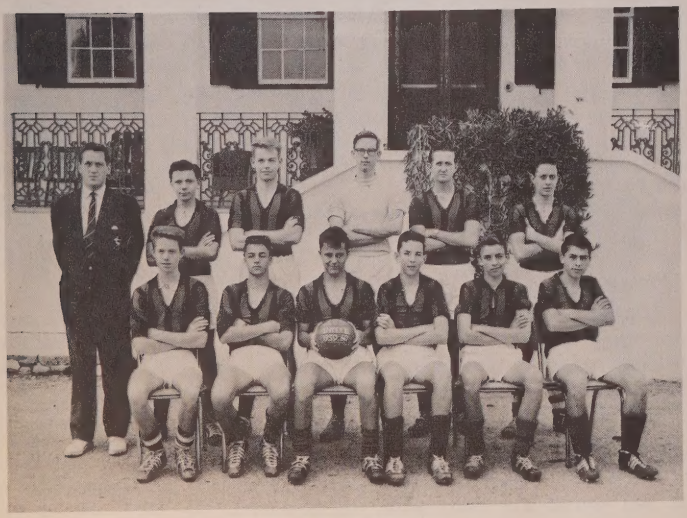
* * *

Senior Football 1959 - 1960

FIRST XI

The first XI had another very successful season, perhaps the best for several years. The Inter-School 1st Division League was won for the second consecutive year, but in addition, the annual match between the School and the Old Boys ended in a win for the school.

Senior XI



Intermediate XI

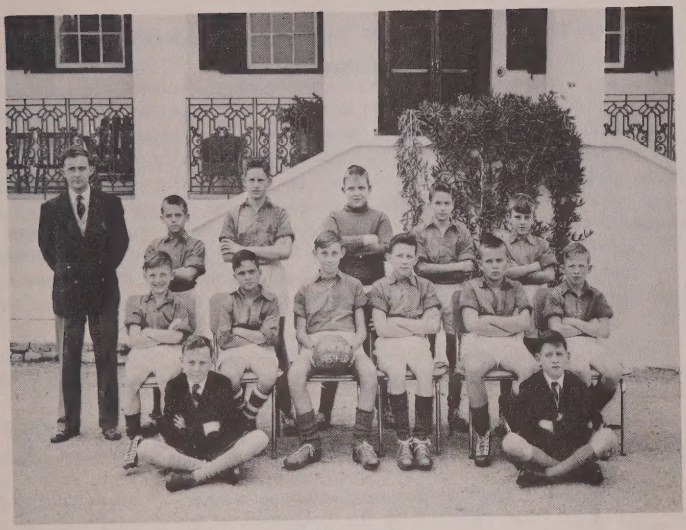
From the beginning of the season, the team concentrated on good physical conditioning, and intelligent team work. The result of this training was revealed in almost every match, for all things being equal, the team in good condition, playing intelligent football must win. In the past, the 1st XI has had many players, with outstanding skill, but this season, the team was very nicely balanced, and after a few positional changes in the first practice games the team settled down to play sound, constructive football, which was a pleasure to watch.

In the staff match, the team found the hard tackling of Mr. Critchlow most disconcerting, but finally overcame the Staff XI in the second half, and scored three goals to win in handsome fashion. Against Whitney, a team which managed to finish in second place in the league, the 1st XI showed its superior team work, and ran riot by scoring eight goals. Warwick Academy was beaten soundly, but Mt. St. Agnes managed to hold out against the school at B.A.A., but were outplayed by the 1st XI in the last match of the league season.

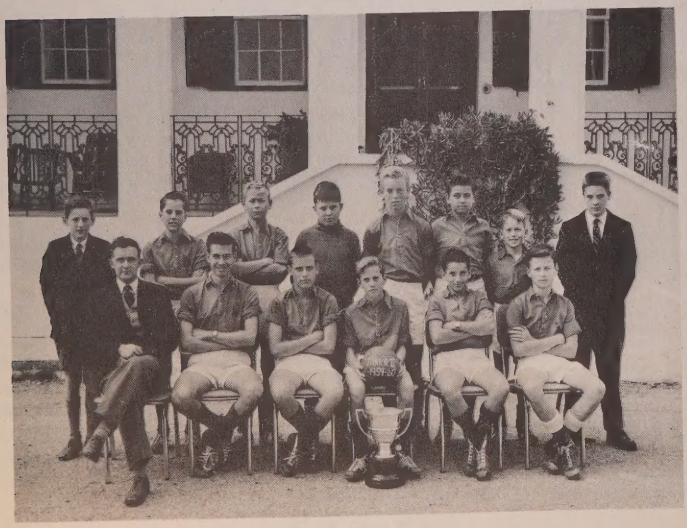
In the final match of the season, the team played the Old Boys. This was a good match in which teamwork and conditioning paid off, for although the Old Boys were leading mid-way through the second half, they were unable to stand the pace, and the school XI regained the shield.

Of the players, Whitecross as captain, showed great enthusiasm throughout the season. He encouraged his team, and generally played well in the difficult position of centre forward. Zuill proved to be a tower of strength in goal, handling the ball with consummate ease. Maycock, Lukrofka and Couchman were strong, constructive full backs. Occasionally, however, the poor full backs disease appeared, in which the ball is kicked down the field — "willy nilly." Perhaps the secret of all good teams lies in the strength of the half back line. In this respect, the school XI showed particular prowess. As wing halves, Hallett and Parker, were deadly with their tackles, and their fine passes to the inside forwards and wings had opposing defences rushing on many occasions. Very capably supporting them, was Davis. His fearless tackling and excellent heading, had all the hallmarks of a typical "stopper" centre half.

The forwards did not always take full opportunity of all their chances — but then, even in international class, this is rare. Harrison and Kempe, eventually discovered the skill of pulling the ball back and away from the goalkeepers, and many goals were scored from their centres. Mello, Profit and Chiappa as inside forwards did well. Profit showed some very pleasing touches, and scored some fine goals. Mello has a very good "sense" of the game, but will not always admit it. His ability to suddenly cut through, with the ball apparently glued to his feet, scored him many goals. All considered, the 1959-60 season was the best for quite some time. There is no doubt that success was due



Minor XI



Junior XI

to two main factors. Fitness, and intelligent use of the ball.

THE INTERMEDIATE XI

The Intermediate XI, although unable to equal the success of the 1st team, did reasonably well in the Inter-School League, despite the fact that team changes were constantly being made. There were some promising footballers in this team, who will no doubt graduate to the 1st XI. Lewis as captain improved with each game, and should do well as a wing half, or full back. McCann is probably the most improved player, and should be a very dangerous centre forward. He has speed, shoots hard, and positions, himself well. With some improvements in heading and ball control, he can be a very useful member of the 1st XI forward line.

In the coming season, this team should be strengthened considerably by some talented members of the Junior League XI, who are now over 14.

R.S.A.

Minor League 1959 - 1960

This season saw the re-introduction of the schools Minor League, for boys under 12 years of age. At the beginning of the season and for a number of weeks these younger boys turned up to practice at school on Saturday mornings. A number of friendly games were arranged, all proving most enjoyable, especially the one against Port Royal; here even the spectators were exhausted at the final whistle!

In the knock-out competition the team reached the final only to lose 2-0 to a far more experienced side. The team produced a number of stalwarts. Tucker 2 a very useful goalkeeper; Adderley an extremely good full-back; Meeker, the star of the forward line and Bell a very good inside forward. The future progress of these boys will be keenly watched next term.

To those boys who were not in the team always remember that if you persevere with your training there is no reason why you should not make the side next season.

F.C.

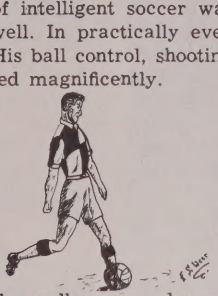
Junior League 1959 - 1960

Without any doubt at all this was one of the most successful seasons for the Junior League XI for many years. The schools in the Island were split into two divisions, East and West, Saltus won the Eastern league title and defeated Mount St. Agnes, the winners of the Western league, for the cup. The official number of games was: —

P	W	L	D
7	5	0	2

As well as the above games the Junior XI played a number of friendly matches with various clubs and organisations and though, as a rule, the opposition was stronger, the school on all occasions played extremely well.

An excellent example of intelligent soccer was given on numerous occasions by captain Rothwell. In practically every department of the game Rothwell stood out. His ball control, shooting with either foot and positional play were executed magnificently.



Williams was the team's goalkeeper and never did he let the side down. His catching of the ball in the air and his anticipation were very good. His chief weakness was a tendency to hold on to the ball too long before getting it to one of his team, either by kicking or throwing.

Trott 1 filled the right full-back position. He kicks well and accurately and draws his opponent before 'getting rid.' His main weakness is that when he is beaten by an opponent he takes far too much time before going after him. Lots of sprint training would help to remedy this.

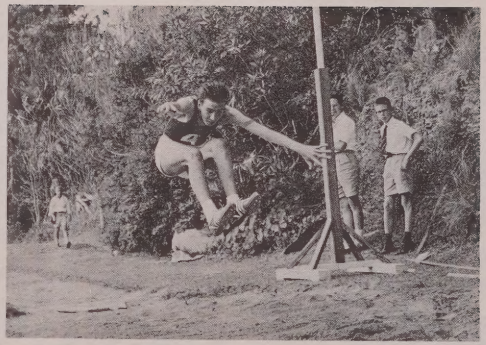
The left full-back position was filled by Troake, Ferguson 2 and Hayward. All three boys played well when called upon, and each should have benefited by playing in the Junior XI.

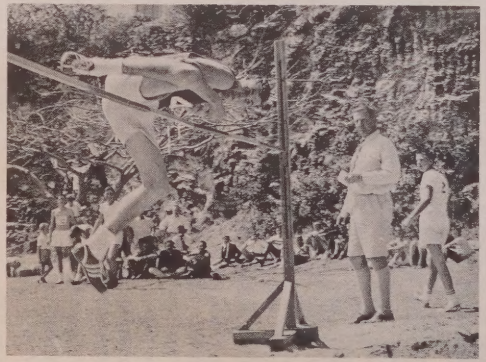
As with most successful teams the strength of the team undoubtedly lay in the half-back line. Here the trio of Marshall, Perinchief and Ferguson 2 gained in soccer potential throughout the season. Right-half Marshall had a grand season and much is expected from him in the future. Perinchief at centre-half dominated many games, greatly helped by his speed and improved positional play. His one big mistake was to go too far out of position, occasionally leaving too big a gap down the centre. At left-half Ferguson 2 improved considerably. He was one of the few players who learnt to head a ball accurately. Many boys spoil their game by being afraid to head the ball. Ferguson 2 persevered and consequently his game improved. His main failing, like Trott 1, was his slowness in recovery, but this can be remedied in many ways.

At outside-right O'Brien had a good season and played well. In a number of games his centres were very accurate and well done.

Panchaud, at inside-left, played some good games and has great potential.

Shorto, in the centre-forward position, played hard at all times. With perserverance he will greatly enjoy his future football. Those who saw





Inter-School Sports — 1960

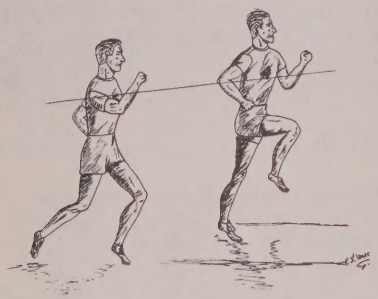
(Sports Photos: "By Peter Brown" Courtesy of T.J. Wadson & Son.)

his goal from Rothwell's corner in the final will long remember it.

Our outside-left was Muggleton. Small but tricky, he had some very good games. He must curb the tendency to hold on to the ball too much.

Most of these boys will move up to intermediate and senior football next season. If they play the game with the same enthusiasm and sportsmanship that they have shown during the past season their games of soccer will be greatly enjoyed.

F.C.



S.G.S. Track and Field Athletic Sports

Once again, it was a fine day for the Athletic Sports. The sun shone in a cloudless sky, and it was comparatively cool, with a gentle breeze blowing from the west. Generally, the times and performances were of a good standard, and there were six new records. There might have been more, but with only two weeks from the Inter-School Boxing, there was not a great deal of time for training.

Hillen increased the group A High Jump to 3′ 7¼″, whilst Douglas broke one of the oldest records in Group D 100 yds. His time of 11.5 secs. was 1/10th of a second better than G. S. Nelson, in 1945. McCann took the Group D pole vault record to 8′ 7″, whilst in Group E, Parker's long legs broke the 100 yds. hudles time, in 13.7 secs. In this group, Massa heaved the shot 38′ 2¼″ to break a record, and Mello increased the pole vault distance by almost a foot, with 9′ 3″. He can, however, do better than this, and will probably do so in the Inter-School Sports. Dolding could have broken the Group B Long Jump, the oldest of all the records, as in practice he had frequently done better than 14′. However, he was unable to do it on this day, and actually finished second. Parker's Long Jump of 19′ 3″ showed that with training, he could do 21 feet or more.

The parents provided an excellent tea, and as usual, the Old Boys came as officials, and greatly assisted in the smooth running of the sports. Mr. M. A. Gibbons presented the prizes.

RESULTS — JUNIOR

Group A

50 yards: 1 Scotten, 2 Hillen, 3 Smith. 8.3 secs.
High Jump: 1 Hillen, 2 Roberts-Smith, 3' 7¼" (New Record).
Long Jump: 1 Roberts, 2 Hillen, 3 Vaughan. 11' 1".
75 yards: 1 Barrett, 2 Arton, 3 Cummings. 11.3 secs.

Group B

100 yards: 1 Osborne, 2 Dolding, 3 Wright. 13.9 secs.
High Jump: 1 White, 2 Cummings, 3 Dolding. 3' 11".
Long Jump: 1 Osborne, 2 Dolding, 3 Doidge. 12' 10".
Javelin: 1 Outerbridge, 2 Henry, 3 Doidge. 73' 3".

Group A and B

Relay: W. S. D. 32 secs.

Group C

100 yards: 1 O'Brien, 2 Saber, 3 Rose. 12.8 secs.
220 yards: 1 Hayward, 2 Rose, 3 Troake. 31.6 secs.
440 yards: 1 O'Brien, 2 Troake, 3 Hayward. 1 min. 10.1 secs.
High Jump: 1 Rothwell, 2 Saber, 3 Brown. 4' 5".
Long Jump: 1 O'Brien, 2 Rothwell, 3 Ferguson. 13' 6".
Pole Vault: 1 Rothwell, 2 Smith II, 3 Muggleton.
Javelin: 1 O'Brien, 2 Saber, 3 Altz. 107' 0".
Hop, Step, Jump: 1 Saber, 2 Rothwell, 3 Warwick. 28' 2".
75 yards Hurdles: 1 Smith, 2 Bell, 3 Muggleton.

Group C

Relay: S. D. 60.9 secs.

RESULTS — SENIOR

Group D

100 yards: 1 Douglas, 2 Haynes, 3 McCann. 11.5 secs (New Record)
220 yards: 1 Douglas, 2 Leman, 3 Kempe. 26.5 secs.
440 yards: 1 Leman, 2 Bush, 3 Clark. 67.3 secs.
880 yards: 1 Perinchief, S. Titterton, 3 Emerson. 2 min. 27.6 secs.
Mile: 1 Brown I, 2 Towle, 3 Titterton. 5 mins. 27 secs.
75 yards Hurdles: 1 Kempe, 2 Haynes, 3 Cook. 11.5 secs.
High Jump: 1 Kempe, 2 Brown, 3 Doidge. 5' 0½".
Long Jump: 1 Perinchief, 2 Douglas, 3 Haynes. 17' 9¼".
Discus: 1 McCann, 2 Maycock, 3 Lewis. 105' 4½".
Shot: 1 Douglas, 2 Haynes, 3 Lewis. 35' 7¼".
Javelin: 1 McCann, 2 Marshall, 3 Maycock. 109' 8½".
Pole Vault: 1 McCann, 2 Haynes. 8' 7". (New Record)
Hop Step and Jump: 1 Kempe, 2 Maycock, 3 Woolfrey. 36' 10".

Group E

100 yards: 1 West, 2 Mello, 3 Hallett. 11.6 secs.
220 yards: 1 Mello, 2 Zabel, 3 Reid. 26.0 secs.
440 yards: 1 Chiappa, 2 Reid, 3 Brewer. 62.2 secs.
880 yards: 1 Chiappa, 2 Brewer, 3 Burns. 2 mins. 17.2 secs.
Mile: 1 Chiappa, 2 Brewer, 3 Burns. 5 mins. 8 secs.
Two Miles: 1 Chiappa, 2 Harrison, 3 Morris. 11 mins. 6.9 secs.
100 yard Hurdles: 1 Parker, 2 Hallett, 3 West. 13.7 secs. (New Record).
High Jump: 1 Harrison, 2 Parker, 3 West. 5' 4".
Long Jump: 1 Parker, 2 Harrison, 3 Hallett. 19' 3".
Discus: 1 Massa, 2 Maycock, 3 Zuill. 112' 1½".
Shot: 1 Massa, 2 Zuill, 3 Zabel. 38' 2¼". (New Record).
Javelin: 1 Zabel, 2 Mello, 2 Zuill. 131' 1".
Pole Vault: 1 Mello, 2 Profit, 3 Groves. 9' 3". (New Record).
Hop, Step and Jump: 1 Harrison, 2 Parker, 3 Profit. 38' 1½".
Senior Relay: 1 D, 2 S, 3 B. 50.9 secs.

Group C Cup Winner — O'Brien
Group D Cup Winner — Douglas
Group E Cup Winner — Chiappa

The Senior House Shield was won by Darrell House with 113 points, and the Junior House Shield by Saltus, with 73 points.

* * *

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